The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
CAPT. ROBERT TAGGART,
Of Warren County

FOR STATE TREASURER,
HON. JOSEPH POWELL,
Of Bradford County.

County Ticket.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE
Dr. J. R. SMITH,
of Pine Grove Mills.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
W. C. HEINLE,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY SURVEYOR
ELLIS L. ORVIS,
of Bellefonte,

It is generally conceded that D. L' Krebs, son-in-law of Wm. A. Wallace, will be nomina'ed for Judge in Clearfield county by the Democrats at their primary election on Saturday.

When the angel Gabriel makes his appearance, the first thing he will do will be to ask whether the Republicans of the Senate are still sticking to their ultimatum—if he finds they are, he will reply they are not the chaps he meant to blow for.

Some one, for Republican harmony, suggests Conkling and Blaine for President and Vice President. This would be like the harmony produced by tying two cats by their tails and then hanging them over a line. In the REPORTER'S opinion it would never do to bury the two in the same graveyard.

In some quarters they are starting a Butler boom for the presidency. Fred Douglass thinks Ben would poll the whole negro vote of the south if the Democrats nominated him. Douglass also thinks Bob Lincoln the strongest man the Repnblicans can nominate.

Every indication points to the defeat of boss Mahone, in Virginia, at the approaching election. The boss will die-hard, but we must remember he was a hard case as a politician, and ready for any bargain, trade or swap that would serve his purpose as a boss. He cares no more for the sacred honor of Virginia or his own honor, than a harlot does for virtue. Mahone was about the greates political harlot of the hour.

The committee appointed by the recent meeting at Centre Hall, is in Philadelphia now to meet the Penn'a railroad officials in behalf of our uncompleted railroad. What the result of the meeting will be we may be able to communicate to the readers of the REPORTER in our next issue, suffice it to say, that the recent action of the stockholders seems to have had good effect at headquarters in advance of any interview with the committee. This leaves us to hope for good results, and favorable action is expected to follow the mission of the gentlemen now in Philadelphia to sue for justice and fulfillment of pledges.

The Ohio Democrats very unwisely permitted themselves to get into a quarrel over local tickets in Cincinnati and Cleveland, which threatens to injure the state ticket, unless the snarl is speedily healed. Everything looked certain for the election of Judge Hoadly, and the Republicans themselves admitted Foreaker would go over board, but Democratic dissensions in the above cities, among the Pendleton and anti-Pendleton factions, have cheered up the discouraged Republicans.

Late advices speak of a possible healing of the discord among the Democrats and a prospect of electing Hoadly after all.

The discovery of two or three letters written to the Chief of the Philadelphia police by the abductors of Charley Ross has revived again for the moment the interest in that celebrated piece of villainy. It is now known that the hired agents of the society knew with certainty five or six weeks after the abduction who had Charley Ross, but police red-tape, jealousy and greed were sufficient to prevent the speedy and certain punishment of the rascals. All this is interesting at this time when the whole country is puzzling its brains over the mystery of Rose Ambler's murder; for it brings up the old question, Is it possible for crime to conceal the traces of its work in any case if society will employ the best means to discover them? This is the ultimate inquiry in all mysterious murder cases, and it is always answered by men of intelligence in the same way. Society does not employ its best talent in detecting crime.

THE RAILROAD.

LATEST.—The following telegram has been received from Mr. Kurtz:

To REPORTER.

Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1883.

Depends on cost; to be ascertained immediately.

THE LEGISLATIVE SITUATION.

The house of Representatives, on 13th' says the Pittsburg *Post*, passed the concurrent resolution from the Senate, cutting off all pay after September 10. Members are now and have been since Monday last working for nothing. The Stalwarts, now that their pay is cut off, propose to abandon all pretense of attending to their Senatorial duties.

The Senate is considering a bill reported from its committee, appropriating in lump for the expenses of the extra session. The Democrats oppose the bill on the ground that appropriation bills by long established precedent must originate in the House of Representatives, because the bill is extravagant, and because it contains no itemized statement of how the large amounts appropriated shall be expended. The purpose of this is evident. It is to coerce the Governor into approving large sums in bulk, as he cannot exercise his constitutional power of scrutinizing and rejecting objectionable items. Governor Pattison is not likely to be deterred from his duty by such Stalwart practice as this seems to be.

The ultimatum of obstruction is to be supplemented by another movement, decided in a Stalwart caucus, of a down right revolutionary character. This is the program: Twenty-one Republican Senators are to be present every Tuesday and Friday to meet and immediately adjourn from Tuesday to Friday and from Friday to Tuesday; to make no speeches themselves or allow any to be made by others; to entertain no proposition or resolution whatever; nine Senators to be relieved alternately; twenty-nine Senators to be present on Thursday, 13th, to pass the appropriation bill finally. This is just as much revolution as secession. The bosses imagine that the very audacity of this infamous device to cheat the people of their constitutionol right to equal representation will be a winning card at the election. Well, we shall see.

THE RAIL ROAD.

The Committee of five, appointed by the meeting at Centre Hall, on 30 ult., to proceed to Philadelphia, and urge the completion of our railroad, consisting of Hon. S. Gilliland, Fred'k Kurtz, Leonard Rhone, John I. Thompson, and Wm. M'Farlane, left for Philadelphia, on Monday, and were granted an interview with the President and Board of Directors of the Penn'a R. R. Co. on Tuesday, when the Committee, through its Secretary, Mr. Kurtz, submitted the following memorial address, after which there was a full and free discussion of the subject by the Directors and committee:

To the President and Board of Directors of the Penn'a Rail Road Co.:

The undersigned committee, appointed at a meeting of the stockholders and landowners along the line of the Lewisburg & Tyrone R. R, in Centre county, to again request your Board to extend the said road from Spring Mills to Lemont, beg lief to submit a statement facts in reference to the long neglect of of our claims as such of the Directors, as were chosen since our road was graded, may not have become conversant with our claims and the facts relating thereto, while to the older members of your Board of Directors the justness of our demands, and the wrong done our people in leaving our road unfinished, have for years been apparent.

Assurances were given our people by agents and attorneys of the Penn'a R. R. Co., previous to the opening of the stock books, that if the townships along the line of the L. C. & S. C. R. R. subscribed a stipulated amount of stock, which amount was apportioned by said agents of your company among the townships along the line of the road; and if in addition our people gave their bonds guaranteeing the payment of the stock so subscribed, and also in addition gave their bonds guaranteeing the right of way to the company free of cost, then the railroad company would construct and equip the L. C. & S. C. R. R. forthwith.

The above requirements were all entered into and carried out by the citizens along the line of our road, whereupon the work of grading was commenced and completed to Lemont, and after some delay the road put in running order to Spring Mills only; leaving fourteen miles of the most important part of the road graded but unfinished—the stockholders being left without the promised railroad facilities, land-owners having valuable farms torn up, and the graded road bed, upon which our money was expended, left to the destructive forces of the elements.

Repeated assurances were given from time to time that our just claims would soon be answered by the extension of our road—but all to be as often dispelled to the bitter disappointment of our people.

This state of affairs has now existed for a period of ten years; the present committee is the fourth which has been sent here to present the grievances of the stockholders and owners of real estate to your Board and plead for a fulfillment of the promises given them on the part of the railroad company; we most surely have exhibited the utmost patience under the wrongs suffered.

The railroad company may say it has not found its investment as profitable as desired—yet that would scarce be a valid reason why our people should loose all and have their property destroyed, and be denied what was promised if they faithfully carried out their part. The railroad company certainly suffers less than do the individuals along the line who have thus simply paid for having their valuable fields torn up.

But, the Penn'a Railroad company has certainly reaped immense benefits from other roads in our county, which were graded at the expense of our people, under similar circumstances; notably the B. E. V. and P. & T. roads, which for years have been a great source of profit to the Penn'a R. R. company, while the original stockholders and land owners have nothing, and some even were bankrupted in consequence.

The completion of the L. & T. R. R. would insure the development of a region rich in iron ore; inexhaustible in superior lime stone; great in its forests and unsurpassed in productiveness of soil. The graded but unfinished portion of the road would develop a region of country covering 75 to 100 square miles of valuable ore lands. North and south of this part of the line are thousands of acres of valuable timber lands which only await facilities for the transportation of lumber. (Here follows a statement of the unmistakable evidences of the mineral wealth along the line, which we exclude for want of room.)

At the time our citizens put their money into this road, we expected it to extend into one of the richest mineral districts of our state—the Barrens ore fields. The Buffalo Run road now being built there, will carry out much of the traffic which was expected to go over our road, and every hour of delay adds to the danger of loosing this traffic. Delay also endangers the right of way, which cost us much trouble to obtain, by the parties making releases dying and property changing hands; on the other hand the immediate completion of our road would greatly aid in securing the right of way on the Logan Branch route from Bellefonte to intersect with our road to Lemont.

The road being in operation to Spring Mills the increased cost of running trains to a point further west would be trifling as the time of lying over at the present terminus is ample to reach any point between Spring Mills and Lemont, and with the same force of employes.

With the above brief statement of facts the Committee trust that a sense of justice to our people will ensure early action by the Board of Directors of the Penn'a R. R. Co. towards a speedy extension of the L. & T. R. R.

The Committee, before their return home, would respectfully ask for, and be pleased to carry to the parties interested, the gratifying assurance from your Board that the immediate extension of our road can be relied upon.

In conclusion we respectfully submit to the Board the action taken by the stockholders and land-owners, at a meeting held at Centre Hall, August 30, 1883, as the same is reported in accompanying copy of the local press, together with letters from Gov. Curtin and Hon. Eli Slifer.

SAMUEL GILLILAND,
FRED'K KURTZ,
LEONARD RHONE,
JOHN I. THOMPSON,
WM. M'FARLANE,
Committee.

Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1883.

One day Judge Black was surrounded by a bevy of his personal friends on the floor of the House, among the rest Judge Mercur, then the Bradford Congressman, who turned to him and said: "Judge Black, you have more friends on this side of the House than on your own. You ought to be a republican. If you would join us we would appreciate you and give you due prominence." To which Judge Black made reply that he knew it all to be true; the Republicans were good fellows; he would like to belong to them, and there was only one thing in the way. "If," he said, "there was no hereafter I would join the Republican party at once. Nothing deters me but the fear of hell." In the sketches of Judge Black it is generally said that he was of mixed Scotch-Irish and German stock. His father was of Scotch-Irish descent. It was through his mother that he got his Pennsylvania Dutch blood, though her name was Sullivan. Her father was of Irish and her mother of German descent. This recalls a remark of James W. Riley, the Indiana poet. He said that his father notwithstanding his name is a Pennsylvania Dutchman and speaks the dialect of that class while he wears his hat like an Irishman and is in every other way all that his name implies. Evidently things in this country are getting mixed.

One hundred and fifty tons of ore are being shipped daily from Tow Hill ore mines. The mines are splendidly equipped with apparatus which enables the most speedy and satisfactory work to be done. From the rich ore deposits in that vicinity, which are unexcelled in the world, the valuable ore is being brought to the surface in immense quantities and the production is constantly increasing.

The new line of railroad from Pittsburg to Harrisburg, called the Vanderbilt line, it is announced, will be completed within two years. The western section of it has just been completed and opened for business.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

News Boy No. 2 has turned up and reports news to the "Journal." Why can't he adopt some other name? The population of this town will not afford two news boys. We are waiting to hear good reports from the railroad committee now in Philad. The Consistory of the Ref. church of the Aaronsburg charge met in regard to making an exchange of the parsonage—no change was made. On Saturday the Millheim cornet band, John Harter captain, enlivened our town with excellent music. Mr. Bumiller seemed to be happy among them. No change at Moyer's coach shop; Jared Mowery will continue the wood-work and Cal Moyer does the painting. The new postal notes are convenient. It seems unjust that only money order offices are furnished with them. Prof. Robb's school will close on Friday. We are sorry to part with him; he will take charge of the Mifflinburg select school. Mrs. Adam Grenoble is dangerously ill. Sam'l Ripga had his foot hurt by a harrow falling on it. Mr. and Mrs. Wendell, of Lewisburg, have been visiting their son C. W. Wendell. Mr. and Mrs. James Grenoble are visiting their parents and relatives. The Georges Valley picnic was well attended, and much speaking done and plenty of eatables. We have seen many flocks of blackbirds en route for Dixie land. Do you remember a certain fellow boasted he had a "boss" girl? Now that he is married he finds he has a "boss" wife, but he never mentioned it.

NEWS BOY.

— Dinges & Vonada, at Coburn Station, are doing a brisk business in supplying the greater part of that section with dry-goods and groceries. They have the most complete assortment of general merchandise, sell low, treat all customers alike, and are continually receiving new goods and keep up with the latest styles in dress goods. They pay the highest prices for all kinds of country produce.

Gen. Beaver was just a litile too reckless in his political prophecies last fall, and his words now come up to vex him. As a "seer" he now joins Wiggins and Vennor. The Lancaster "Intelligencer" says:

In Bradford the Republican candidate for governor last fall declared that were Mr. Pattison elected governor, the price of oil would shrink to 50 cents a barrel, and not a ton of coal would ever be hauled across the great Kinzua viaduct, then building. Down in Fulton county he said that the construction of a railroad through that section would never be practicable except under Republican administration. Long trains ladened with coal now travel daily over the high bridge at Kinzua; the dream of the petroleum producer has been realized in "dollar oil," and the whole southern tier of the counties from Fulton to Fayette is to be traversed before the close of Gov. Pattison's administration with a new line of railroad, developing the resources and adding to the wealth of this state.

Mr. Thomas H. Reynolds, Chambersburg, Pa., says: Brown's Iron Bitters did me good. I used it for dyspepsia and weakness.

AN AWFUL JOURNEY.

The Terrible Midnight Experience of a Basket Maker.

He Loses His Way and Drives on the Railroad Track—Crossing the Highest Bridge in the World.

BRADFORD, Pa., Sept. 13.—William Batterson, of Buffalo, who is building a basket factory at Howard's Hill, left this city a few nights ago to drive to the place, accompanied by his wife and two children. The locality is an isolated one among the mountains, and the road leading to it lies for a great part of the way through the wilderness. Mr. Batterson became bewildered in the darkness and lost his way. After many attempts to discover the road he finally let the horse take its own course through the woods, following it with a lighted lantern. After floundering aimlessly about for some time, they came suddenly upon a railroad track. Mr. Batterson did not know what road it was, but felt that there must be a station or a road crossing somewhere in the vicinity. He at first intended to walk along the track until he came to either one or the other, but his wife was afraid to remain alone in the woods, so they concluded to take the chances of meeting a train and drive along the track in search of a way out of the wilderness.

After going a quarter of a mile, they came to a bridge. They could not retrace their steps, and they resolved to share the risk of keeping on their way and attempting the crossing. They found a narrow plank footpath at one side, and Mr. Batterson succeeded in leading his horse upon it. The wheels on one side ran on this walk, but on the other side they bumped along the ties. The bridge was swept by a high wind, and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Batterson could make her way along with her two children. To add to the terror of the situation a gust of wind extinguished the lantern. The darkness was intense, and they groped their way along slowly, tortured by the fear that they would be crushed or hurled from the bridge by a train before they could reach a place of safety. They were nearly half an hour in crossing it, and then they found themselves in a narrow rock cut, through which they felt their way and stumbled along, and when they finally emerged from it they were almost overcome with joy to see a light just ahead of them. At the same moment they heard the whistle of an approaching train. The horse was turned off the track into the open space below the cut, which proved to be a road, and Mrs. Butterson and the children followed it to a place of safety. They had not gone twenty feet from the track when a coal train went rushing by into the cut.

Both Mr. Batterson and his wife were so overcome with the sense of their peril that it was some time before they could proceed. When they were able to go on they found that they were at a small station known as Palen's Switch. They had driven for a mile and a half over the most dangerous portion of the Johnsonburg extension of the Erie railway, and had crossed the great Kinzua Viaduct, the highest railroad bridge in the world, which spans the Kinzua ravine at a height of 303 feet above the creek. The viaduct is nearly half a mile long. Their escape from death was owing solely to the stopping of the north-bound coal train a mile below the rock cut on account of a hot journal. The train was due at the cut just as they were picking their way through it. Howard's Hill was only four miles from Palen's Switch.

—Brackbill's furniture rooms are now chuck full of goods, the finest and best lot ever seen in this county. No furniture store in Central Pennsylvania is equal to Brackbill's old stand for variety and elegance of goods—home or city manufacture, and as for prices none compete with Brackbill. A trade of 40 years means that it is a reliable establishment. Honesty and fair dealing always, and goods warranted.

IN PLAIN WORDS A RICH FOOL.

[Saratoga Letter.]

A very handsome young lady, whose name is A. W. Rich, from California, and on her wedding tour, has created quite a sensation in Saratoga. She is stopping at the Grand Union, and is to be seen walking up and down the piazza of the hotel for hours at a time in company with a beautiful little black and tan dog. She seems to be wonderfully fond of the pet. The little creature was made a wedding present and cost $400. The lady ordered for the dog earrings and a gold collar of special pattern. The earrings are worth $2,000, and the collar which is studded with emeralds and pearls is worth $3,000. This lady and her pet are not only the talk of the town, but have created the greatest sensation known here for years. A servant is provided to feed the dog and attend him when his mistress does not have him in charge. The dog answers the name of "Darling." He must be seen to be fully appreciated.

A LEGAL QUESTION.

The people of Lancaster are excited over the question whether an electric company, which has been authorized by the city to put up lamps, has the right to erect posts to carry its wire in front of the residences of persons who do not wish them there. The legal talent of that city has been interviewed by an Intelligencer reporter, and some attorneys go so far as to deny that the municipality has the right to erect posts, etc., asserting that property owners along a street could even forbid the city to lay sewer pipes along their street. They contend that the mere right of way over the streets is all that the public can claim. There will probably be a sharp contest between the electric company and the unwilling citizens.

THE MARKETS.

New York Stocks.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—There was not much to be said of to-day's stock market, except that it brought no little disappointment, as usual, to bulls. They made a promising send off and everything looked encouraging in the morning, the news was favorable and the gossip was bullish. But after the middle of the day the bears began their assaults on Northern Pacific, which they sold down to 39¾; pfd. 72¾; O. T. followed to 65¼. This unsettled the entire list, which fell off, with some selling of the roads in the northwestern corn belt where the grain was damaged by recent frosts. Insiders say the fact that such houses as Drexel, Morgan & Co. and Belmont & Co. are back of the Northern Pacific is sufficient guarantee that there will be no serious decline.

General Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—Prices in the New York cotton market ranged as follows: Sept. 10.25-21; Oct. 10.34-35-33; Nov. 10.44-45-45-43; Dec. 10.55-54-55-52; Jan. 10.65-63-65-62. Feb. 10.79-77-79-77; March 10.92-88; April 11.01-10-99-11.00-10-98; May 11.13-10. The scales at the first call amounted to 7,200 bales, and from the first call up to 11:30 A. M. 27,000 bales, at which time the market was quiet and the tendency downward.

Early calls of the New York Board Pipe Line certificates opened at 112 and reached to 111¾, later they ranged between 111⅝@111¾.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—It has been a stubborn market and not an active one. The local crowd are becoming more and more bearish on wheat. They were very much surprised that the market did not break to-day. At times the price here would drop a quarter of a cent, but it recovered immediately. Corn was the weakest thing on the list. Long corn bought on the frost scare wrs sold out. The cold wave which started yesterday did not reach any further than the corn pit. To-day the bulls thought that it must have been a cold day yesterday and they were left. Provisions were about steady. Bears raided lard. Prices recovered. Live hogs were less plentiful to-day and ten cents higher. Closing prices were: Wheat—Sept. 96¾; Oct. 96¾; Nov. 98¼; Dec. 1.00. Corn—Sept. 40¾; Oct. 50¾; Nov. 50¾; year 48¾. Oats—Sept. 27⅜; Oct. 28; Nov. 28¼; Year 27⅜. Lard—Oct. 8.07½; Nov. 7.90; Year 7.81½; Jan. 7.95. Pork—Oct. 11.20 Nov. 11,12½; year 10.92½; Jan. 11.60.

A MIRICLE IN OIL CITY.

Doctors Dumfounded—Druggists and the People Wild With Excitement.

From the Oil City Derrick, July 21, 1883.

Miss Maggie Martin, of this city, has been ill and confined to her house for several years. Our best physician failed to give her relief. She took Peruna and, to the astonishment of all who knew her, she is now up and about again. Mr. Simmons, the druggist, sold 184 bottles last week. He buys in gross lots. Mr. Cowell, too, sells it. Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's book—"Ills of Life"—gratis, or address Dr. H. at Osborne, O., for one.

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS, Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents. Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all styles

—Personal from Mr. Wannamaker and personal to—you, if you are one of the thousands passing through Philadelphia, homeward, from sea or woods, mountain or springs, stop over a train, or break your journey for a day and see the store. Come in and leave your luggage at the checking places near almost every principal entrance; look about, rest, and when ready take up your journey with a full knowledge of where the store is, what is in it, how it does things. This will gratify us and you, and may serve us both. Perhaps you saw the store during the Centennial year. To have seen it then was one thing; indeed, to have seen it any year since, is quite a different thing, but to see it now is quite a different thing still. In the Centennial year it was simply an overgrown clothing store, full of men's and boys' garments, and the workmen who cut and made the goods. Now the clothing is delegated to its old quarters in the big clothing houses of Oak Hall, at Sixth and Market, and the large establishment adjoining the Continental Hotel on Chestnut Street, and now only a small section remains of what was seen at the Centennial time.

Then there was a single floor, now it is skirted with galleries on all sides; and since they have gone up to the third story, elevators have had to be put in to carry the people up. Then there was no opening through to Chestnut Street, and now ten stores have taken in the Chestnut Street end so that the block from Chestnut to Market, and from Thirteenth to Juniper, or East Broad, is practically one property. The basement is worth mentioning, too. While the business was going along on the main floor we kept up the floors by stout columns, and for nearly a year dug away the earth that hundreds of carts were removing, to make, from curb-line under the street pavement all around three sides of our house, the most perfect and commodious lower floor that we ever saw. It is light as day by electric lights which do not heat the air. It is dry, and cooled by ventilating machinery. It has eight broad stair cases, so that within a few steps of any portion there is quick exit. This is one of the pleasantest parts of the store. The Gentlemen's Wash Rooms and Reading Rooms are here. The new and spacious Toilet Rooms for Ladies are here, and the new section for refreshments is just being completed here. All this makes up a Department of Public Comfort quite acceptable to those who want the conveniences to rest a while.

It would be natural for us to speak of the growth of the store, but to do so lays us open to apparent boasting; this is not our purpose; we grow as Topey growed—"Cause she couldn't help it." People want the service we render, we try to make the service better and better, and make them want us more and more. This is the place where many of the things are gathered that are wanted in every family in the city and country round about. They are got from the best makers, presented for sale fairly, sold without haggling, sold to be returned if the price of goods are wrong. Why shouldn't such a place grow?

Men work from sunrise to sunset, aye, spend their lives in getting money so that their families can get things. Isn't it wise to find out the best place to get the things? "It is the best place," that we have ever been building at, and we are building at it every day still, and we hope never to be done while there is anything to improve.

You must surely come to see us on this invitation, and then you will know what to say to your friends.

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be continued.*)

TIME TO STOP IT.

It's too bad, Sir or Madam, but don't get frightened. Your hair is falling off—that's certain. A glance in the mirror, or an investigating committee of fingers tell the dismal story. We won't discuss the possible cause. It is enough that Parker's Hair Balsam used now will prevent further destruction. Is your hair somewhat gray, too, and crisp? Alas, yes. The Balsam will give back the original color, softness and gloss. Not a dye, not oily, elegantly perfumed, a perfect dressing. sept1t

HALF OUT OF HIS HEAD.

"Blessed be the man," said Don Quixote's weary squire, "who invented sleep." Sancho's gratitude is ours, but what if one cannot for any reason enjoy that excellent invention? "Nervousness in me had become a disease," writes Mr. William Coleman, the well known wholesale druggist of Buffalo, N. Y.

"I could not sleep, and my nights were either passed in that sort of restlessness which nearly crazes a man, or in a kind of a stupor, haunted by tormenting dreams. Having taken Parker's Tonic for other troubles, I tried it also for this. The result both surprised and delighted me. My nerves were toned to concert pitch, and like Caesars fat men. I fell into the ranks of those who sleep o'nights. I should add that the Tonic speedily did away with the condition of general debility and dyspepsia occasioned by my previous sleeplessness, and gave me strength and perfect digestion. In brief, the use of the Tonic thoroughly re-established my health. I have used Parker's Tonic with entire success for sea-sickness and for the bowel disorders incident to ocean voyages."

This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic, will hereafter be called simply "Parker's Tonic." This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealers under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change however in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. sept n r

PRESENT POWER.

To-Morrow a Long Way Off When Help is Wanted To-Day.

Comfort is never in a hurry. Pain and distress are in hot haste. It is to the "friend in need"—the friend who does something now—that the old adage pays the compliment of being "a friend indeed." That they do not keep the sufferer in suspense is the salient excellence of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS. The plasters of other days—whether porous or otherwise—said—"Wait until to-morrow: We can promise nothing on the spur of the moment." But pain unrelieved, like hope deferred, maketh the heart sick. Benson's plasters act on application. They permeate, soothe, warm and heal, containing, as they do, chemical and medical agents of the highest efficiency. Their motto is now, and the genuine have the word CAPCINE cut in the middle of each plaster.

Price of the the CAPCINE 25 cents.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York

Macrama cord in ten colors at Garman's.

A Life-saving Match.

How a Flickering Flame Saved from Destruction the Scotch Express.

"Well, sir," he begins, "there's not much in it. It's nigh fifteen years ago. There wor none o' them block telegrafs and Westin' house breaks, and Pullman cars on the cut then. It wor just such a dirty night as this, when the wind wor up and wouldna be said. We had a pitch in just at the edge of a viaduct at the Junction. The shuntin' ingin' wor a collectin' her wagons, and she got astride on the facin'-p'ints just as the down slow passenger train came a knockin' into her and blockin' both roads. Some said it wor all on account of the signals. Others made it out as it wor cos the lockin'-bar wor out of order. Anyhow the Government inspector could not clear it up, although there were any amount of ingineers and officials down wi' plans and sections. We wor all confusion. Luckily none was much the worse. Some was shook a bit, and an owld woman died of the fright. I live close to the line, and, hearing the crash, runned up to see what was amiss. I wor just a goin' to help to clear up one of the roads, when something quite sudden like occured to my moind.

"I asked Job Croft, 'Is the "Scotchman" gone up yet?"

"'No,' said somebody in the dark.

"I think it was the station-master. I had a red lamp in my hands, and off I started to stop her. Have you ever seen her go across the viaduct, sir? She comes down the bank at sixty miles an hour every night of her life. The incline falls one in seventy, so you may guess she's not wastin' time. She just slips down with her fifteen coaches like well-oiled lightnin'. Well, as I wor a sayin', I runs over the viaduct like a madman, makes my way through the tunnel, and when I got into the cuttin' the wind brought me the roar of the 'Scotchman' goin' like a red-hot rocket through Drabble Dale Station, a mile or more off. The wind it came through the cuttin' till I had fairly to howd mysen on the rails to keep mysen from being a' blown away.

"It wor then my lamp went out. It wor blown clean out, and in no time the "Scotchman" would be a whippin' down the hill like a havalanche of flame. I searched my pockets for a match. In my coat-pockets never a one, although I ganerally carries a box, and have done ever since that fearful night. At last in my waistcoat pocket I found one match. One match, and the wind a blowin' through the cuttin' as though a funnel. I'm not a saint, sir, but I knowed that the lives in that thunderin' express depended upon that one match. If she went into the fouled line she'd drop over the viaduct into the river. The prespiration covered me with cold sweat. I could hear my heart a thumpin'. For a moment I felt a' dizzy like. Then I pulled mysen together and throwed my whole life into one short prayer.

"It wor all done in a moment. I felt then in the cuttin' for a crevice, and thank God! there wor a small opening where the fogmen shelter when they are signalin' the trains on thick nights. I crept in this 'ere place. I opens my lamp and put the match inside the frame. I trembled lest it should fail. But somehow I wor strangely cool and steady about the hands. I struck and huddled around the match. The wick caught the fire, and I wor just in time to jump from the hole into the six foot and wave the red signal to the driver of the 'Scotchman,' as she rushed past faster than the wind. She wor a goin'! But the driver wor on the look-out, and had seen the red light. All I could see wor the tail lamps on the rear guard's van; but I could 'ear the danger whistle for all the brakes to be clapped on, and I 'eard 'em a grindin, on the metals, and there wor a gratin that told me he wor a reversin' the ingine."

"Stopped?"

"Yes, sir, just as she got on the edge of the viaduct. He had her buffer-plank not three yards from where the line wor a' fouled.

"The sweat poured down my face as I made for the junction again; but I knowed I'd saved the train, and I prayed again, not in words, but with a sort of chocking gratitude that came up in big burning lumps in my throat. Some of my mates gave me this 'ere watch and chain, and I was shifted up by the Superintendent to a ganger's job; but I dunna take so much credit to mysen, for Providence lit the match that night in the storm."

Religious Sentiment.

SAYING "HATEFUL" THINGS.—What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them. You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly, and pleasantly, nut will pop some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental failing, your foolish habit of thought, or some little secret of faith or opinion confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how secret it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; nay, since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush and an eye lose its brightness; only spoken because he is afraid you are too conceited. Yet they are worse than as many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender hearted men. How after them one wakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before everything—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very centre of your soul.

BURIED TALENTS.—The man who hid his Lord's talent, instead of using it, is no phenomenal character. Such people unhappily abound in our churches. The do-nothings are in excess everywhere. That large numbers can at the best accomplish but little may be conceded, but that little is not attempted is lamentably apparent. In large churches the enigma constantly presents itself, what would come to pass were some half dozen people to be withdrawn from active effort? There is a disposition undoubtedly to speak slight of small abilities, but "one talent" if wisely used may help to render important service. It is to combined efforts that we owe the grandest works in the world. One man may make comparatively few bricks, but they can not be dispensed with in the mighty edifice. The duty of every man is to find out what he has abilities for and use them to that end. With an earnest purpose to glorify God there is a niche for every one. There may be work as a teacher, or the consecration of social influence, or the simple manifestation of the grades of Christian character. It is declared by Christ that his disciples are witnesses of Him, light, salt. Now, a witness is to testify, salt is to commingle with and premeate the mass in which it is placed, light is to banish darkness. The ancient curse on Merzo for doing nothing may rest on men now. Still the Bible reads: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

It is to be feared that the great reason why more is not attempted for Christ is our want of faith. We are doubtful of our own power to work, and, worse than this, doubtful of our Lord's willingness to bless our efforts. If we could attain to Paul's standing; "I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me," we should not allow our power to be untried or rust. With the gracious promises which our Lord has made of blessing and success there is no excuse for inactivity.—*Weekly Baptist.*

He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthful weather.

The greatest life is that which has been the most useful, and has performed its alloted tasks cheerfully and well.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.—*A. Karr.*

There is but one true, real and right life for rational beings, only one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life which was before all worlds, and will be after all are passed away—and that is neither more nor less than a good life; a life of good thoughts, good words, good deeds—the life of Christ.—*Kingsley.*

THE SAFEST WAY.—Thoroughness and straightforwardness in the path of duty are really easier and safer than any of the most plausible and cunningly devised middle courses. The weak compliances of those who think to show their moderation by halting and wavering near the boundaries of right and wrong, will always be used to the hurt of the wavering soul. To the invisible powers who wield the weapons of temptation, such concessions to worldliness will be as the joints of the harness through which Ahab received his mortal wound; but the bow will be drawn, not at a venture, but with cruel clearness of aim.

Henry James' Appearance.

At the Boston train when we were entering the town a person of rather robust size, wearing a bluish gray suit and with blackish side whiskers, began to speak to a lady in the most ultra awfully awful West End of London style. The first word he got out of his mouth was invariably a stutter, and he stumbled on as if biting at his sentences. When he had passed out my friend remarked to me: "Whom do you suspect that to be?" Said I: "It might be Lord Manderville, or it might be his valet." "No," said he, "that is Henry James, the author."

Health Hints.

How to Preserve and Restore Health.

Physicians say that ginger ale is a poor substitute for water, because the capsicum it contains irritates the lining of the stomach and produces dangerous inflammation.

A BLOW AT SODA DRINKING.—A serious blow has been struck at the soda water fountain in an eastern city. A public analyst has examined samples of water from a dozen fountains, and found that all but one contained lead and copper—some in dangerous quantities. It has all along been suspected that danger lurked in the foaming cup of sweetened wind which has been the delight of the maiden and the bane of her impecunious young man, and now that it has been authoritatively demonstrated that the wildly exhilarating beverage is but mineral poison, disguised by syrup and chemically prepared "flavoring," the impecunious young person aforementioned will immediately add the fiz drink to the list of potables which must not be touched, tasted, handled nor purchased.

OYSTERS AS FOOD.—Dr. J. H. Hannaford, in the *Golden Rule*, thus combats the prevailing notion that oysters are peculiarly nutritious and easy of digestion. "That is a strange idea so prevalent in some communities, that oysters are highly nutritious and easy of digestion. It is true that the raw oyster digests in about the same time as cooked beef, while stewing adds twenty per cent. to the required time, for the reason that they are rather rich in albumen, like eggs, always rendered more indigestible by thorough cooking. In the matter of muscle food, oyster fall below all of the fish and meats, or equal that of pork, having about one-half of that of herring, halibut and trout, just one-half of chicken, one-sixth of cheese, less than one-fourth of southern corn, not one-half of that of beans and peas, being far inferior to beet. Still they have long been popular, from the fact that some noted physician, who had studied his taste more than his subject, once decided in their favor, supposing that all might be as fond of them, and that fondness is about the same as wholesomeness. As these, with all fish, become early putrescent in hot weather, they must be objectionable after having been out of the water for any considerable time."

FOUL AIR IN HOUSES.—If the air of a room smells sweet there is apt to be no consideration of the danger which may still lurk in the atmosphere in gases and organic impurities whose natural odors are subdued by something stronger. When foul gases cannot be detected by the nose, defective drains will not be repaired, much less examined for hidden defects. The only safety from sewer gas is to bar it out of the house; and when this can be so easily and so positively done, it is fairly criminal that it should not be done. As to foul air, there need be none in a house except such as comes from the breath, and caused by the excretions of the skin; this may be, also, easily and quickly removed by a simple ventilation through a grate or stove. There need be no refuse within the four walls of a house, nor, indeed, near it, without the walls, if people would respect the plain requirements of decency. As to "fungous germs"—whatever they may be—dry walls, dry foundations and rooms will prevent their growth. As to diffusing "disinfecting agents," disinfection in the sense of destroying the germs of disease means the destruction of human as well as germ life. No vapor will destroy the germs, or poison, of smallpox, scarlet fever or diphtheria, which may be transported by sewer gas, that will not also destroy the person who breathes it.—*Chicago Sanitary News.*

One of Schenck's.

In ante-railroad times, when most of the travel between the Ohio river and the seaboard was in stage-coaches, western members of congress, in going to or returning from Washington, would make a party of six, and charter a nine-passenger coach, so as to have more ample accommodations. Every such party would be made up of personal and political friends, who would be pretty sure to have a good time. In 1845 a company of this kind was traveling eastward, consisting of Senator Johnson, of Louisiana, Crittenden and Corwin, and Representatives Vance, Vinton and Schenck, all except Vinton backwoodsmen by birth and rearing. Johnson was the oldest, having been born in 1783, in the wilds of Tennessee, from which state he went to Louisiana early in the present century. Schenck was the youngest, and is now (1883) the only survivor of the party. He is responsible for the substance of the following story, which, at seventy-three, he tells with as much animation and gusto as he would probably have shown the day the thing occurred, when he was only about half that age:

When the stage was in Fayette county, Pa., it stopped, just at the dawn of day, to change horses. All the passengers seemed to be asleep except Schenck, who put the curtain aside to take a look at the surroundings, and seeing a man near by, asked him what place it was.

"Smithfield," answered the man.

"Smithfield," said Schenck; "why, that's the place where John Rogers was burned at the stake."

Johnson had got just enough waked up to take in this dialogue, and, with a start, he exclaimed, "What's that, Schenck? Did you say a man was burned at the stake?"

"Yes," replied Schenck.

"A live man?"

"Yes, a live man—burned—at the stake—at Smithfield," said Schenck, with pausing emphasis.

"Is it possible? Why, I never heard of it before."

"But, senator," gravely rejoined Schenck, "it's as true as that this is Smithfield. And what's more, his wife and children stood by and saw him burned; and it's a curious thing that it is to this day disputed how many children there were. The story goes that she had with her nine small children and one at her breast; and it is to this time a mooted point whether the one at the breast was one of the nine, or was number ten."

"Why, Schenck, how on earth is it that I never before heard of such an outrageous affair as that? A live man burned at the stake here! I swear I never saw a word about it in the papers."

By this time the other passengers were awake, and comprehending the situation, kept still, leaving Schenck to manage his own case.

"Nevertheless, senator," he proceeded, "that thing occurred at Smithfield, just as I have stated."

"By thunder! exclaimed Johnson, "it's strange that I never heard it. *When* did it happen?"

"Well, senator"—Schenck paused a little, as if trying to recollect—"upon my word I can't on the instant recall the exact date; but as well as my memory serves me it must have been—let me see—about two hundred and ninety years ago; at any rate, it was some time in the reign of Bloody Mary of England."

Then the others could hold in no longer, and Smithfield heard such a guffaw as it had never before heard from a lot of stage passengers. Schenck says that Johnson didn't join in it, but was grum for three hours afterwards; that is, until after he got his breakfast. Whether he subsequently became acquainted with the New England primer is no known.

Personal.

The King of Greece is at Wiesbaden.

Professor David Swing is fifty-two years old.

Ex-Governor Stanford, of California, is in London.

Professor Bell, is preparing a bibliography of electricity.

Dry Goods Clafflin, of New York, now seventy, is climbing the Catskills.

Anna Dickinson's manager says that she is best appreciated in the West.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, has issued 845 pardons during his administration.

General Beauregard is summering at a Wisconsin lake. He says he believed in Mississippi jetties in 1851.

Peter Lorillard and Roland P. Jephthah Davis are traveling through New England with a retinue of wagons and servants, and a marquee tent which once belonged to the Prince of Wales.

Among prominent English people coming to America are the Earl of Cork and Hardwicke, master of the buckhounds; the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, the Earl of Lathom, Lord Douglas Gordon, Mr. Bryce and Horace Davey, M. P. for Christ church.

Mr. Millais' painting of Henry Irving, which he will present to the Garrick Club of London, is described as a most admirable portrait. It is half-length, and represents the actor in profile clad in ordinary morning dress, looking toward the left of the spe ctator.

The Duke of Norfolk, with all his immense wealth, is obliged to retrench. He has given so much money for religious purposes and spent so much at Arundel and other places, that he has been obliged to dismiss 300 work-people and cut down his household expenses. He is a very insignificant-looking man for a premier duke.

Mr. St. John, the ex-governor of Kansas, is thought to be the worst fisherman in the country. He went trolling for pickerel at Silver Lake N. Y., the other day, but talked with a companion constantly until their return to the shore. He was leaving the lake when a boy said: "Look'a-here, Mister Man, there's a pickerel on your line ye forgot to pull in." The pickerel weighed four pounds.

A. B. Fox, of Gowanda, N. Y., is six feet two inches high, and weighs 250 pounds. His wife is six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. He has five brothers and six sisters, not one of them being less than six feet tall, and the lightest one weighs 200 pounds.

Scientific.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.—An incredible story is seriously given in some of the journals about the discovery of a sword which was found in an aerolite. A certain physician in the State of New York was attracted by a very brilliant shooting star which fell in the bed of the creek near where he was riding. Subsequent investigation on the spot where it fell discovered a sword of peculiar shape, which had evidently been wielded in battle, and which must have been used by one who would have been deemed "a giant among the sons of men" in this world. Of course the presumption would be that this sword had fallen into the clay of a river, which was subsequently metamorphosed by heat into solid rock. In the course of ages a volcano developed under this rock, which projected the imprisoned sword into space beyond the attraction of the planet from which it came. In the course of time the wandering aerolite in the interstellar space became entangled in the atmosphere of the earth, and fell into the creek, the impact breaking and setting free the sword. This reads like another Cardiff giant story, but it is very ingenious; and it is barely possible that some day or other we may have positive proof of the existence of life and intelligence of some of the myriads of planets which inhabit space. A microscopic examination of meteoric stones at Berlin revealed the fact that they contained some sixty varieties of the outer shells of coral insects, which, of course, establishes the fact that they were attached to coral insects which lived in warm oceans of salt water. The water must have contained lime, and islands must have been built up above the ocean as they are on our globe. But that is, so far, the only trustworthy indication that there is anything on the other worlds approaching to the same kind of life we have on this.

Felt or thick paper, coal tar and gravel make a good covering for flat roofs. It is tolerably fire-proof as to fire applied from outside, but much remains to be done to avoid the present rapidity of destruction of the roofs of large buildings by fire within. The Manhattan market building seemed to melt down instantly. The Crystal Palace roof fell about ten minutes after the fire was discovered. The wooden mansard roofs on the top of the otherwise fireproof buildings conduced greatly to the destruction in the great Boston fire. The Boston Custom House has a roof of heavy granite blocks. The Girard College is roofed with thick marble, supported on brick arches.

A favorite antidote for rattlesnake poison in Mexico is a strong solution of iodine in potassium iodide. Mr. H. H. Croft has tested some of the poison itself with this solution and finds that a light brown amorphous precipitate is formed, the insolubility of which explains the beneficial action of the antidote. When iodine cannot be readily obtained a solution of potassium iodide, to which a few drops of ferric chloride has been added can perhaps be used as an antidote to snake poison.

M. Regnard, a French savant, has been lately trying the effect of "blood diet" on lambs. Three lambs, which for some unexplained cause had been abandoned by their mothers, were fed on "powdered blood" with the most gratifying results. The lambs increased in size in the most marvelous fashion, and attained unusual proportions for their age. The coats of wool also became double in thickness. Encouraged by his success with the lambs, M. Regnard is now feeding some calves on blood.

The editor of the New Genesee *Farmer* lately witnessed an experiment of driving nails into hard seasoned timber fairly dried. He says that the first two nails, after passing through a pine board, entered about one inch and then double down under the hammer; but on dipping the points of the other six or eight nails into lard, every one was driven home without the least difficulty. Carpenters who are engaged in repairing old buildings sometimes carry a small lump of lard or tallow for this purpose on one of their boots or shoes.

Dr. Skinner, of the Academy of Natural Science, referring to the circumstance that butterflies are in the habit of depositing their eggs upon such plants as affords the proper nourishment to the larvæ, i. e., the plants upon which the caterpillars of a given species feed, stated that he had observed the female of a certain species drop her eggs while in flight, a singular performance which the speaker verified through repeated observation. The eggs thus distributed from a considerable distance above ground tell upon a mass of grass and violet leaves.

A Treasury official at San Francisco states that $6,000,000 worth of opium has within ten years been smuggled into ports, Government officials receiving 30 per cent. of the amount. He says $1,000,000 worth of the drug can be brought in at a time.

Copper, at present prices, only costs twice as much as tin, while, unlike tin, it does not need painting and is not worn out in twenty years, being practically indestructible, circumstances which ought to lead to its free use for roofing, the *American Architect* says.

Jottings.

THE new postal note made its debut last Monday.

THE public debt was reduced in August $6,671,851.

THE last statement of the Philadelphia banks shows a slight decrease in the reserves but generally a very favorable condition.

THE Yellowstone Park is in the N. W. corner of Wyoming Territory, but embraces small portions of Montana and Idaho. It is 62 miles from north to south, and 54 from east to west. The act of congress sets it apart "as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." A branch line will soon connect the park with the Northern Pacific Railroad.

THE New York *Sun* has favored us with a reprint (of that now prosperous journal) of fifty years ago—September 3d, 1833. The pride of journalism may well vaunt itself at the issues of the *Sun* of September 1883 are compared with its prototype of '33—then a few hundred copies—now 150,000. The diminutive little original is printed on a sheet only 12 by 18 inches; and singularly enough, a prominent article in the little three-column daily, has the caption "Wonders of Littleness;" not refering to itself, of course, but drawn with self-complacent classicism from Pliny. Looking at the two *Suns'* as they lay on the table before us, and glancing at the contents of the two we exclaim incontinently "the world moves." Think of a New York daily of to-day folded up on your table before you, 9 by 12 inches!—*Ez.*

WHILE the business outlook has not at any time this year been as bad as the alarmists would have us believe, there has nevertheless been some spots on the financial sun, which have lately been fading out and are now followed with gradually increasing brightness, so that to-day the horizon is almost undimned with a spec forboding trouble. It is certain we shall not be drawn upon for gold, the European harvest being such that our breadstuffs will take the place of gold shipments, saving the withdrawal of foreign capital, and forced sales of American securities to restore the commercial equilibrium that lately had been setting against us. India has not yet become, if she ever will, the granary for Europe, and our large wheat crop, and the very enormous prospects for corn, come in most opportunely to brush away all probabilities of financial trouble in the near future. We may therefore congratulate ourselves upon having escaped whatever disaster the prophets of evil have been holding up before us.

A Famous Escape.

The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off, and many others in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill. Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captors had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an Island in the Merrimac river. At midnight, the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men, two women and six children—one favorite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman escaping.

After they had left camp the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlement would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and scalped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimac, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the Southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West is to send a petition to the Queen of England and Empress of India petitioning her to abolish child marriage in India. The petitions will have many thousand signatures.

Charles Dudley Warner is busily preparing a series of lectures on literature, to be delivered before the senior class of Princeton College.

SEA FANCIES.

There is no cloud upon the limpid sky,
No blue of vapor on the sea beneath;
The clear pools on the rock unwrinkled lie,
And only stirred, as by an infant's breath,
The salt grass rustles faint and fitfully,
No muffled landward echoes, borne afar,
Thrill through the moon-suffused tranquility
But where the breakers glimmer on the bar
A long, low murmur, like a Summer rain,
Grows deep and organ-toned, then falls again.

The low moon's level wake across the waves
Leaps into splendor where they fall and rise
In silver-breasted hillocks, shadow-caves
And undulating whirls, that cheat the eyes
To fancies of strange monsters, and fair shapes
Of nereids and mermaids, crowned with shells
And soft sea blooms from southern coves and capes,
Lifting their dripping bosoms from the swells
To gaze upon the moonlit world awhile
And beckon us with many a nod and smile.

And there are voices from the sea-chafed rocks,
In slippery clefts and hollows water-worn,
Where pulpy algæ trail their slimy locks,
Strange liquid tones, as of a Triton shorn,
Blown gurgling through green shallows, clear and low,
Soft laughter and the splash of curved palms;
Round lonely isles and inlets long ago,
The fisher heard such sounds through twilight calms,
And, coasting homeward, with hushed utterance told
Of siren music sung to harps of gold.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Silver Dime.

Little Phœbe Winlove stood at her mother's knee, tangling the skeins of bright colored zephyr in her zealous efforts to help assort them, and listened with wide wandering eyes to the conversation of the mother and Mrs. Vance, a neighbor, who had dropped in to discuss the latest news from Washington, during the stormiest days of the civil war.

"Those dreadful battles are killing off all our men. Goodness knows what will be done now," remarked Mrs. Vance, shaking her head mournfully.

"There will be another draft, I suppose," observed Mrs. Winlove.

"Well, when the men are all killed they will have to draft little girls, so be careful, Phœbe, or you will be carried off to the war some day to be a soldier," said Mrs. Vance, noticing how wide Phœbe's blue eyes had opened, and prompted by that strange instinct to lie, which so often leads people to weave gossamers of falsehood and send them floating through childish minds. Happy will it be if in after life those slight, wavering threads do not strike against the clear eyes and dim their vision to the truth!

Phœbe said nothing, but shuddered as her fancy painted the horrors of being "drafted," and the ladies continued their conversation, forgetting the presence of the thoughtful child.

For some time afterwards no inducement could get Phœbe to venture outside her parents' yard. But one sunny morning the gate stood ajar, and she peeped cautiously into the street. It was quite deserted, and looked very shady and inviting, and the little girl pushed the gate open wider and looked anxiously up and down the wooing vista before her.

"I guess they're all dead now, so I can't be drafted, 'cause there's no one do it," she murmured, "I'll just run down to the corner and see if anyone's living," and pushing back the brown tresses which shaded her eyes, she tiptoed down the street. Standing at the corner she shaded her flax-blue eyes with one dimpled arm and peered inquiringly across the square. Just at that moment a blue clad soldier issued from a door beside her, and with a look of admiration at the tiny, serious creature, caught her impulsively in his arms and kissed the pink cheeks.

Phœbe shrieked vociferously and grasped his ears with her chubby hands, while her tiny feet kicked his chest most viciously.

"Let me go," she screamed, "you must let me go! I'm papa's only little daughter, and he couldn't get along 'thout me. I can't fight—I won't fight, so there's no use to draft me.

"Oh, mister soldier, do let me go. How'd you like to have your little girl taken away from you? I'm the only little girl papa and mama have, and they don't want me to fight, 'sides, I'm too little—I can't fight!"

"On my honor, your actions give the lie to that," laughed the soldier, "you are an infantine Mars. But stop screaming, do, and leave, at least, a portion of my ears attached to my head. You are pulling them out, root and all. Hush! Come, here's a nice silver dime, now tell me what is the matter."

"Arn't you going to draft me?" she said, giving a couple of kicks against his chest, and drawing a long breath, preparatory to regaling him with another shriek.

"No, of course not. Why do you think so?" he replied.

"'Cause Mrs. Vance said all little girls would be drafted as soon as all the men were killed, and they're all killed now; ain't they?"

"Oh, no!" there are plenty of men left yet," he answered, reassuringly, "enough to take care of little girls who are not able to fight."

"Then what do you want me for?" she questioned, clutching the dime tightly and evidently preparing to resume her war-like operations.

"I only want to know who you are, and to have you kiss me," he answered.

"I am going right away to fight and may never come back and I want you to kiss me goodbye."

"Havn't you any little girl of your own?" she inquired, thoughtfully.

"No," he returned, somewhat sadly.

"Then you must be awful lonesome, I'm sorry for you. My papa says he'd be lonesome 'thout me."

"I've no doubt of it," said the soldier, releasing her, and smiling into her grave face. "Now tell me your name and kiss me."

"My name's Phœbe, and I'll kiss you 'cause you havn't no little girl of your own, you know," she replied, putting up her rosy mouth with childish confidence.

"Well, good-bye, Phœbe—there, you dropped your dime. You must keep it to remember me by—because I have no little girl of my own to think of me," he said, as he bent down and took the proffered kiss, with a laugh ending in a sigh.

"I'll keep it and 'member you," she rejoined, and the soldier strode rapidly away, while Phœbe ran to relate all that had passed to her mother, and assure her that there were lots of soldiers alive, and little girls would not be drafted.

Twelve years after this little incident, a merry party of four young people were passing out of a theatre, when suddenly the sharp metallic ring of silver sounded on the flags of the vestibule.

"Oh, I have broken my bracelet!" cried one of the ladies—a sweet-faced and winsome creature—and instantly a dozen gentlemen stooped and gathered the scattered coins of which the "bangle" bracelet had been composed.

She received them with smiles and graceful acknowledgment, and was about to drop them into the pocket of her fur bordered cloak, when she said with a touch of anxiety in her voice:

"The soldier's dime is lost."

"Never mind it, Phœbe," said the other lady of the little party, "come on."

"Oh, I must find it; I have kept it so long that I cannot bear to think of losing it," returned Phœbe, peering carefully into corners and crevices, but without being rewarded by its pale gleam.

"Oh, let it go," said the other lady, with an air of impatience; "I can't understand the value you seem to attach to such a trifle."

"I promised to keep it—" began Phœbe, but at that moment, a tall, bearded man, with a stately military air, stepped forward, holding the missing coin to her and said:

"Have I the pleasure of presenting this to Miss Phœbe a second time?"

She drew back in a startled manner, and cried:

"You are not———"

"The soldier who had no little girl of his own," he said, as she hestitated a moment. "Yes, I am the one, but I am afraid that my unfortunate lot will no tmove your pity as pleasantly as it did twelve years ago, he added, rather mischievously.

The sweet face grow rosy, but the honest blue eyes looked up with a smile sparkling in them.

"I am glad you came through the war unharmed," said the girl, frankly, "and since I have had this memento so long, I suppose I may as well keep it?—Thank you," and with a gracious smile and bow, she passed on the street, and, with her companions, entered a carriage which stood waiting, and was driven rapidly away.

"I wonder who he is?" thought Phœbe, as she regretted the haste with which she had parted from him, while the soldier himself stood watching the retreating carriage, vexed and disappointed to think he had not found out the full name of the girl who had for so many years kept his silver dime "to 'member him."

Some weeks after Phœbe, was at a party when her hostess approached her and said:

"Phœbe, Major Gresham desires an introduction to you. May I present him?"

Phœbe gave assent, and in a few minutes Mrs. Winlove stood beside her again, saying:

"Miss Winlove, Major Gresham," and, looking up, Phœbe found herself face to face with the tall soldier, whose face had of late shone oftener in her dreams than she would have acknowledged.

The gallant Major soon became convinced that he was sadly in need of "a little girl of his own," and concluding that the said girl was no other than Phœbe, set himself to work to make her of the same mind.

That he succeeded is evident from the fact that Mrs. Gresham wears a silver dime, rimmed with gold, as one of the "charms" on her watch chain, and declares but for it she would not have been loved and wooed by the "best husband in the world."—*St. Louis Illustrated Magazine.*

Clips.

The Buffalo, New York, public schools have used the same text books for twenty years.

Some fashionable ladies have maids who can spell to do their letter-writing.

Galveston is out of water, and one restaurant bears the sign: Closed till it rains."

Captain Henry Man, of Maine, says he has the jaw-bone of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru.

The new Northwest, Alaska and Washington Territory, promises to be the charcoal-iron region of the near future.

Americans are returning from Europe early this year. Every stateroom on one line from Liverpool has been engaged to September 20.

An organized band of barn burners is believed to be operating in Southern Indiana. The farmers are much excited. Barns are burned almost every night.

A naval man named Terry rode on his tricycle from London to Dover, and there, developing his machine into a boat, with the wheels paddling, pursued his journey by water to France.

M. Trouvelor, the French observer of the late eclipse of the sun, agrees with Professor Swift that a strange red star, recently observed by the latter three degrees from the sun, was an intra-Mercurial planet.

Scraps.

The Moscow *Gazette* publishes the proceeding of the trial of seven Christian Tartars at Kazan, who were recently convicted of reviling and renouncing the orthodox faith, and were sentenced to exile in Siberia. They appear to have been the ringleaders in a movement, which began soon after the Turkish war, for the revision of the whole village to Mahomedanism.

The average longevity in England is increasing. Not many years ago a celebrated author denied the existence of such a thing as a centenarian. The statistics for 1881 record ninety-one persons who did not die until they had completed 100 years and upward. Of these twenty-five were men and sixty-six woman. The oldest man was 112 years of age; the others ranged between that and 100. Three of the women were 107, three 106, two 105, six 104, five 103, eight 102, and the rest were 100 and upward.

A religious agitation of a very singular character is manifesting itself in some counties of the grand duchy of Finland. The new heretics call themselves the "Pure by Excellence," and profess the superiority and supremacy of woman, who must control the family. In every house where the new doctrines are practiced a woman, elected by her companions, is invested with a sort of directing power, which gives her the right to inflict penance and even rigorous chastisement. The new creed requires that all its disciples shall confess their sins to certain women at least once a week.

The greatest eel-pond in America is on the farm of James N. Wells, in the town of Riverhead, Massachusetts. It covers five acres, and is so full of eels that they can be raked out with a garden rake. Two years ago Mr. Wells put 2000 dozen of eels into the pond, intending to have them undisturbed for five years. These have increased to millions. They are fed regularly every third day on "horse feet," a peculiar shell-fish. The eels know when they are to be fed and the stroke of Mr Wells' whip against his wagon calls thousands of them up to dinner, although any one else may pound away all day without any effect. One of these shell fish, fastened to a strong cord and thrown into the water, may be drawn out in a few minutes with hundreds of eels fastened to it.

Simon Ferguson, an illiterate negro coal miner at the Campbell Creek mines, West Virginia, told a Mrs. Williams that she was possessed of devils and that he was the only man in the country who could cast them out. As she had been "daunsy" for some time she believed him. He then prescribed pokeroot, smartweed and ironweed, to which he added grasshoppers, angleworms, grub-worms, flies and other insects. This, being mixed, was placed in a quart bottle, set in hot water and steeped for some time. The quantity taken was a wineglassful every four hours. She was to have a teaspoonful of tobacco-snuff blown up her nose with a pipe three times a day, while her diet was to be nothing but raw salt mackerel, fresh from the brine and unwashed. She took several doses of the mixture, which stirred the devils up to such an extent that she had to send for another doctor to settle them.

Taste in Home Economies.

The fashionable material for thin inner window hangings is fine scrom. Generally a bordering on the inner side is worked in outline stitch in colored silks or crewels. Margins of deep-toned rep or velvet accompany the thin draping.

Double portieres are no longer in fashion. A single hanging suspended from rings upon a pole is plainly drawn across the doorway or entry to be concealed, and, when necessary, is looped up at one side.

Plush still remains in favor for the borders of heavy draperies. A design is now often painted upon it in oil colors with the heavy bristle brushes, by means of which the paint is so completely rubbed in that it appears almost as if different material had been appliquered on.

The preference for tapestry effects in hangings is resulting in a revival of old ideas of decoration, and fabrics are woven in imitation of Gobelin tapestry which succeed rather in reproducing the distorted figures and landscapes o an earlier period than in perpetuating the spirit of beauty which underlays them.

Hangings of one color are popular for boudoirs and bed-rooms. Soft blues and pinks or delicate cream-colored materials are chosen, and are left completely bare of decoration; with the exception of that given by silk cord and tassels used in draping them.

Ecru linen is among the favorite materials used for draperies. Edgings are sewn on of Turkey-red cloth alternately with small squares of thread lace embroidery, and the effect is very pleasing.

Tidies in some houses take the form of draped scarfs. Scarfs of India muslin embroidered in bullion or sebreo thread are drawn up in the middle and fastened to the back of upholstered chairs in such a way that the ends hang as draperies half way to the seat. The advantage about these tidies is that as they are securely fastened they do not annoy visitors by clinging to their mantles.

Portieres are often made of two or three different materials—for example, in panels or with a border, more or less deep, of one material and the remainder of something different. The upper panel may be in satin and the lower in plush with satin bands.

A beautiful hanging of three colors is made by a selection of whitish-yellow satin for the upper panel, salmon pink plush for the centre and deep brown plush as a bordering. The design, which is worked in silks in this portiere, represents an Eastern vase, in which a spreading branch, covered with peach blossoms, is placed. The vase is worked in light blue and the peach blossoms in their natural colors.

A design of sunflower, with a deep plush bordering, upon which conventionalized flowers of the same kind are laid is still popular for hangings. The upper panel is frequently of blue cloth, the flowers being worked in crewels, and the lower panel of deep blue plush, the conventionalized sunflowers upon this having a black centre and the outer circle of the leaves being worked in bright gold filoselle.

Mixed materials are now much liked for window hangings. Generally the colors are neutral, and the only attempt at decorative effect is in the very heavy and handsome fringe which is seen on the inner edges of such fabrics. At times the fringe is of a color to harmonize with the prevailing tone of the room.

The fashion of using wall hangings is growing in favor. Entire rooms are now draped in such a way that walls, windows and doors harmonize not only in color but in the material by which they are concealed. Wall hangings require to be lined, even if they are of heavy fabrics, to insure their hanging perfectly even. If borderings are used they must be stitched on before the hanging is fixed upon the wall.

Velveteen is particularly well suited for hangings, being durable and very accessible to ornament; if worked in filoselle curtains of this material are extremely handsome. Velvet is less manageable, and does not answer as well for applique work, as the frill, when it is rich, interferes with the set of the stitches.

Draperies for halls and vestibules are handsomely made of deep-colored plush. They are usually only sufficiently wide to fall in graceful folds, and never longer than just to touch the floor. It is no longer fashionable to have long or full draperies.

It is very usual to have half-draperies—that is to say, something in the style of very deep valances in doorways. Such an arrangement breaks the monotony of the opening, and yet leaves the view into another apartment unobstructed.

For heavy draperies border designs are generally fashionable; for lighter ones continuous pattern carried over the whole ground is in favor. Branching designs are found in both materials, and where dados are still used a border of different material is constantly added.

A Student's Duel.

Hearing that there was to be a students' duel, we planned to gratify our curiosity in seeing what has been so much written about. Taking a carriage, we rode across the river, up the side of a mountain and down a narrow gorge to a public house. We went in and ordered some refreshments and chatted for half an hour, when a white-capped student passed. I accosted him and earnestly made known our wants in the language of Goethe and Schiller. He gave me a long and earnest answer, not a word of which could I understand. At last a waiter who spoke English came, and we sought her kind offices. She agreed to take us in ten minutes to a room where we could see the combat through a window. We waited on hour, and, as our patience was about exhausted, she returned. Through the window we could see two men confronting each other, with their hands extended straight over their heads. Their left arms were tied behind their backs and goggles over their eyes. The men were padded everywhere except their heads, which were left uncovered. At the appointed signal they began cutting at each other with lightning-like rapidity. Neither seemed to try to ward off the blows of his opponent. As soon as one was cut the seconds ran between them and knocked up the swords. The doctor examined the wounds, staunched the blood and the fight was resumed, and went on until the doctor decided that further fighting would endanger life. It was the most beastly tomfoolery I ever saw. The hurt inflicted was not enough to satisfy a man seeking redress for a real or fancied insult, but was too severe for play. I could see no display of skill nor any particular manifestation of courage.

Hen and Rat.

A California hen, while engaged with her brood of chickens in plowing up a neighbor's garden, recently, was charged upon by a full-grown rat. The old representative of the "poultry show" immediately established herself as a cordon around her flock and awaited the onslaught. The rodent, somewhat checked by the bold front presented by the "garden destroyer," crouched for a moment, and then made a dart for one of the chicks. In an instant the old hen opened her cackle battery and commenced battle. She flew at her enemy, and striking it with her bill, grabbed it by the back and threw it in the air. The rodent came down with a thump upon the walk, but before it could regain its feet the hen repeated the performance, and kept it up until the rat was only able to crawl away a few feet and die in disgrace. After contemplating her fallen foe for a few moments, the old hen called her brood around her and walked off.

The Trouble with Modern Heroines.

Indeed, it is the serious-minded heroines who behave worst in their love affairs. The calm manner in which they argue the point out with their parents, always getting the best of it in argument as well as in fact, is enough to make the father of past fiction turn in his grave. This trait is, after all, the most alarming to us who are approaching the age when "the heavy father" is more interesting than the young lover. For the heroine of fiction is, let us remember, the ideal woman of the period, the mold of form with which our young women naturally compare themselves. Her example will outweigh with them all the exhortations of their guardians, and for them, therefore, there is the pleasant prospect of seeing the attractive qualities described produced in their daughters and wards.

Coinage at the Mint.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The following is a statement of the coinage executed at the mints of the United States during the month of August, 1883.

Denomination.	Pieces.	Value.
Double Eagles,	125,950	$2,159,000
Half Eagles,	40,700	203,500
Total gold,	166,650	2,722,500
Standard dollars,	2,340,000	2,340,000
Dimes,	920,670	92,067
Total silver,	3,260,610	$2,432,097
Five cents,	2,210,488	110,500
One cent,	5,330,000	53,300
Total minor,	7,540,000	$163,800
Total coinage,	10,967,320	$5,318,367

—Edward Stabler died at Sandy Springs, Montgomery county, Md., in the same house in which he was born, in September, 1794. He was appointed Postmaster at Sandy Springs in 1830, and held the office up to the time of his death. He was said to be the oldest Postmaster in the United States.

Old Manusript.

A Mr. Shapira, of Jerusalem, a bookseller and dealer in antiquities, has just deposited in the British museum fifteen slips of black sheepskin leather, on which are written, in characters similar to those of the celebrated Moabite stone, portions of the book of Deuteronomy differing materially from the received version. The date of the slips is the ninth century before Christ, or sixteen centuries older than any authentic manuscript of any part of the old testament. Mr. Shapira bought them from an Arab, and he asks for them $5,000,000 from the British museum. If genuine, the interest and importance of the discovery cannot be overrated; and, so far as variations in the sacred text are concerned, there is promise of one the greatest controversies the scholars have ever entered upon. The decalogue furnishes a good example for comparison with the received version. The London correspondent of the New York *Sun* says he quotes from the Shapira record:

I am God, thy God. Which liberated thee from the land of Egypt from the house of bondage. Ye shall have no other gods. Ye shall not make to yourselves any graven image nor any likeness that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Ye shall not bow down to them nor serve them.

I am God, your God, sanctify. In six days I have made the heaven and the earth and all that there is therein, and rested on the seventh day. Therefore rest thou also, thou and thy cattle, and all that thou hast.

I am God, thy God. Honor thy father and thy mother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not kill the person of thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not commit adultery with the wife of thy neighbor.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not steal the property of thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not swear by my name falsely, for I visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those who take my name in vain.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not covet his wife, or his man servant, or his maid servant, or anything that is his.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart.

I am God, thy God. These ten words God spake.

The Coarse Jester of Lake Michigan.

George W. Peck, of Milwaukee, is carrying his right hand around tied up in a big silk handkerchief. He has been bothered almost to death with anxious inquiries as to the nature of the trouble under the handkerchief, and so he has issued the following, addressed to "The general questioning public:"

This is a boil. Not a carbuncle. Just a boil.

I know you have had boils bigger than mine, but this one is big enough for me. I am no hog, I don't wan't the biggest boil.

Yes, I have tried flaxseed, bread and milk, and slippery elm poultices. Each is better than the other, and all of them are frauds.

No, the "Bad Boy" has not been playing a joke on me. This is no joke.

Yes, I think it is cussedness working out of me.

Yes, it has broke. That is, it has made an assignment.

No, I don't want another.

French Etiquette.

At a ball a lady most beautiful desires sincerely an introduction to a gentleman of appearance most fine, but knows not how to secure it. Ah, thought most happy. Lady—Did you on my train just step? Monsieur—In fact, I did not on your train step. Lady—Ah, then, on my train step and an introduction straightway secure. Lady turns off, and Monsieur one foot on the train places and in much affright looks about. Then comes mutual acquaintance and Monsieur and Lady receive introduction and away in haste to take the floor for the next racquet.

Where dados are introduced, they are embroidered before being sewed on to the curtain, and a conventional design of upright stemmed flowers is the most popular for their decorations. Where dados are inappropriate, draperies in two shades are often preferred. Two shades of gray material, relieved by crimson bias introduced where they are joined, are extremely effective and harmonize with almost any prevailing tone in a room. The coloring of the window hangings is never repeated in that of the portiere.

Miss Ellen Terry will have $1500 a week during her tour of the United States.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sep. 20, 1883.

Some inquiring mind says: The following is an accurate statement of the per diem cost of the extra session: Two hundred and fifty Senators and members, $2,510; clerks, officers, employes and pages, $419; contingent expenses, both houses, $62; "Legislative Record," $42; other printing and stationery, $22; mileage and money, in lieu of stationery for Senators and members, $24; gas and incidentals, $17; total per diem, $3,096. The above per diem creates an aggregates to date, for 81 days, of $250,876 We aver that this waste of time and money is all chargable to the Radical bosses in the State Senate, who have no respect for themselves or the taxpayers.

CHARLES S WOLF SPEAKS.

Hon. Charles S. Wolf, the prominent Independent Republican leader, wrote the following letter from his home at Lewisburg, July 23, a few days before the assembling of the Democratic State Convention, and it is believed that he reflects the view of a majority of the Independents in the present campaign:

"In reply to your letter I would say that I do think the mission of the Independent Republican party is ended, but do not think the mission of "Independence" is ended. As you probably have heard, I am out of politics, but it is perfectly apparent to me that the last Republican Convention was absolutely under the control of Quay, Magee & Co., and, in my judgement, Livsey is simply the creature of Chris Magee, if elected, Magee will virtually be treasurer of the Commonwealth. I think the mission of the Independents is to whip the candidate for treasurer, at least, by not voting at all, or, if the Democrats nominate a suitable man, by voting for him, * * * but I want to keep entirely out of politics."

THE DEMOCRATIC ULTIMATUM.

The Pittsburg Post says at a conference of the Democratic Senators and Representatives held on 4th, it was resolved with great unanimity and earnestness that the Legislature should remain in session until apportionment bills were passed as required by the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

This position once taken, and we heartily endorse it, must be maintained to the last. There must be no faltering in the lines. It accords with the commands of the Constitution and the solemn oath every member subscribed to "support, obey and defend" that instrument. The Democratic position can be sustained by every reason that commends representative government to the people. It is in defense of the essential principle of free institutions.

We believe an apportionment will be secured. Republicans are growing more dissatisfied every day with the position into which they have been led by the Stalwart managers. Their obstructive stand is revolutionary. If they will meet the Democrats one-third of the way, apportionments satisfactory to the people can be secured and the Legislature adjourned in two days. The extra session has cost too much already to adjourn and leave the constitutional duty unperformed.

The Democratic ultimatum is not an overzealous juggle to disfranchise the people. It is to "support, obey and defend the Constitution of this Commonwealth," by honest, just and true apportionments.

$100,000 FOR A MONOPOLY JUDGE.

In the article in the N. Y. *Sun*, ex-Senator Dorsey who was Secretary of the Republican National Committee in 1880, declares emphatically that the *Sun's* statements were substantially correct. Dorsey says:

"I say categorically that Garfield promised the two greatest monopolists in New York, Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington, that Stanly Matthews should go at the earliest opportunity upon the Supreme bench, and he agreed if the vacancy occurred before he was inaugurated that he would see to it that Hayes made the appointment. These interested parties who seem anxious to control the Supreme bench, promised the Garfield campaign fund $100,000. They paid their money and they got their man."

"Do you speak of your own knowledge?"

"Why of course, and I hardly think the parties to that arrangement will make any denial. It is absolutely true."

"How do you know the money was paid?"

"One of the most eminent men in New York brought it to me in Indianapolis.'

"Mr. Thomas C. Platt?"

"Since you name him, he was the man. I turned the money over to Ed. Stephenson, who is now I believe the president of a bank on Sixth Avenue, in New York. I told him we didn't need so large a sum in Indiana, and advised him to take part of it back to Gov. Foster in Ohio. $40,000 was kept in Indiana, the rest went to Ohio.

—The reason we have no more county fairs is because the exhibition of fruits, vegetables, dried and canned fruit, wooden and willow ware, glassware, queensware, cured meats, teas, coffees, segars, cheese, crackers, nuts, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes and hundreds o other articles, at Sechler's grocery, is far greater and finer than any display at an ordinary fair, besides which Sechlers charge no admission, and this took nearly all the visitors from the county fair—they could see all, and far better, at Sechlers, and buy the goods cheap besides, if they wanted to.

STILL IN THE DARK

No Solution yet to Connecticut's Mysterious Murder.

Gov. Waller, Raises the Reward to $3,000—Suspicion against Lewis Growing Stronger—A Robe with Blood Spots.

STRATFORD, Sept. 15.—State attorney Fessenden has written to the governor formally requesting him to proclaim an additional reward for the conviction of Rose Ambler's murderer. Under the law State attorneys can ask for a reward not exceeding $3,000, when, in their opinion, the gravity of the case warrants it.

Gov. Waller, in conversation with a reporter on this subject said: "When I went to the Fairfield county fair at Norwalk a couple of days ago, I was to have had a conference with State Attorney Fessenden there. Under our laws the State attorney is authorized to call upon the governor when in his judgment it seems advisable to offer a reward in the name of the State in such cases as this of the murder of Rose Ambler. Had I met Mr. Fessenden at Norwalk, as arranged, I have no doubt that such a reward would have been decided upon. But Mr. Fessenden was detained unavoidably, and I was obliged to return without seeing him. I shall take the earliest opportunity to communicate with him, and shall upon his request offer a reward of $3,000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer."

Detectives Arnold, Wood and Bibbins have been at work in the Naugatuck valley towns which Lewis visited in the course of his business. It is stated that they have discovered evidence that weighs heavily against him. There is understood to be another woman in the case whom he wanted to marry, and since the murder he has said to several people that he knew a great deal more about it than he wanted to tell. The detectives, he said, were watching him, but he was too sharp to be outwitted by them.

Dr. White is examining a lap robe found in Lewis' stable, on which are spots supposed to be human blood, and if it be ascertained that this is so Coroner Holt will order Lewis' arrest.

The officers seem to be convinced that Lewis is the guilty man, and they have abandoned all search in other directions. They claim that his manner has changed since the murder, and that from being pleasantly stolid he has become snappish and nervous.

Deputy Coroner Joyce confirmed the report that he and State Attorney Fessenden noticed scratches on both of Lewis' hands.

"Mr. Fessenden and I," said Mr. Joyce, "were seated in front of Lewis. I noticed that he kept his left hand concealed, and, thinking that he must have some reason for doing this I watched him closely. Once he rested the hand on his knee, and I saw plainly two deep and fresh made scratches on the back of it. They were parallel and had every appearance of having been made by the nails of a human being. Mr. Fessenden saw the direction in which I was looking, and he, too, glanced at the hand and noted the wounds. Suddenly Lewis became aware of the surveillance, and he grew red in the face and threw the hand up back of his head. After that he acted in a nervous manner, but we did not again get a glimpse of the scarred hand."

Mr. Fessenden corroborates Mr. Joyce.

Coroner Holt sat in his office in the Bridgeport court house. "There is nothing new yet," he said. "We are still after Lewis. No, I can't tell you anything about the suspicious spots on the lap robe. We are keeping that mum for the present. All our detectives are investigating Mr. Lewis."

THE RIVERDALE EXPLOSION.

Conflict of Authority Between the Coroner and the Inspectors.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—Coroner Martin resumed the inquiry into the Riverdale explosion. He said the steamboat inspectors had no authority to cut out the patches from the Riverdale's boilers and that they must be delivered into his possession. This seemed to please the jury, and one juror remarked "that they were making history." It was agreed that the inspectors should be summoned to give an account of their investigations, and state by what authority the power of the Coroner had been infringed upon. Daneil Talman, the engineer of the vessel, was examined, and testified he thought the boilers were in good condition.

The boilers were then visited by the jury. U. S. Supervising Inspector Starbuck also commenced an investigation in the same disaster. James N. Stephens, under whose supervision the boilers were made, but who is now an inspector of boilers, was the first witness. The explosion, he thought, was due to some galvanic action. The condition of the boiler was good otherwise than where it had corroded. There was considerable corrosion. Other testimony was merely technical and not important.

LORD COLERIDGE'S GUARDS.

Four Secret Service Detectives Keeping Him from Harm.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 11.—Upon the arrival of Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge in this country he was met by four United States secret service detectives and has been constantly under the eye of these men in all his travels about the country. He is accompanied by these four detectives during his visit to Boston. They follow closely wherever he goes, as a rule, but not always. One occupies a seat with the driver on the carriage in which he rides, the rest following in another. Whether on foot, in a coach or on the rail, these men never relax their vigilance.

It is understood that the detectives were furnished upon application of the British minister at Washington, on the ground that there was no knowing what injury the Fenians or some other wicked people might do the old man

Lord Coleridge visited the Institute fair, and embarked on Governor Butler's yacht America and enjoyed a sail down the harbor and a dinner at Taft's at Point Shirley.

A PASSENGER ON ICE.

An Intoxicated Man Taken to the Morgue for Dead.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—A man named Louis Lacy entered a street car in a drunken condition and refused to pay his fare. The conductor threw him of the platform, and seeing he did not move, told the driver to whip up, and the car rattled away, and the conductor escaped. The police patrol was called, the body was put into a wagon, taken to the morgue and placed on ice, while a large force of police was sent in search of the fleeing conductor. After being a short time on the ice the body began to show signs of life, and in course of half an hour Lacy was sent to the police station. Examination showed that he was not seriously hurt, and that his state of temporary trance was due wholly to liquor.

A Frightful Fall.

BUTTE, Mont., Sept. 15.—Three men were coming out of a 500-foot shaft of the Gagnon mine. When the cage was 300 feet from the bottom, one of them fell backward, owing to nervousness, and was chrushed into an almost unrecognizable mass.

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VALENTINES STORE CO, LIMITED,
BUSH'S ARCADE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

TEMPEST TOSSED.

Echoes of the Storm—Disasters at Various Points.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—The disastrous effects of the storm which has prevailed on Long Island for the last forty-eight hours is only too plainly visible. Widespread damage has been caused by the wind on both land and water. A large amount of wreckage is floating in the water, off Greenport and Sag harbor. Many of the farmers in Queens and Suffolk counties have had their winter crop of corn levelled to the ground and ruined by the wind, which blew almost a huricane. The damage to the corn is estimated at several thousand dollars. The apple crop has also suffered serious damage. The tide in the bays and harbors along the Sound shore rose higher than has been known in nearly ten years in the month of September. Upward of fifteen feet of the beach was washed away at Far Rockaway. Bathing houses and other small outbuildings were lifted like tinder by the waves and carried far out to sea.

Fifteen Vessels Ashore.

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 14.—News from Smithville, Va., gives the maximum velocity of the wind as ninety-seven miles. Fifteen vessels are ashore and three pilot boats sunk. The telegraph wires are down and the names of the stranded vessels cannot be yet ascertained correctly. All along the coast from Hatteras evidences of the storm may be seen. Federal Point is thought to have been in danger of a deluge. Steamers have made for the fort to get the women and children off to a place of safety without success, but those most likely to be best informed on the subject think they were enabled to place themselves out of danger's way.

Steamers in the Gale.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 14.—The steamship Regulator, five days out from New York, has reached her wharf. She passed through the gale finely, losing only some of her head sails. Captain Doane, of the Regulator, reports that the Frying Pan Shoals light ship has gone from her moorings, and fears are entertained that she has foundered. The steamship Benefactor, which left here for New York on Saturday, and the steamship Raleigh, which left Baltimore for this port on the same day, have not yet been heard from. Their agents here think they will make port safely.

A Message From the Sea.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 14—A bottle was washed ashore at Quarantine containg the followin, without a date, written in pencil on a fragment of thin brown paper: "Steam yacht Catharine, from New York, bound for Jacksonville, Fla., sinking off Hatteras. All hands at pumps. No hope. Officers, viz.: Jos. Spencer, captain; Tom Rumpel, first mate; R. Thomas, second mate; Bob Richard engineer; Tom Dale, —, Crew—Abram Solomons, John Kelser, James Brown Wm. Peterson.

Severity of the Storm.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—The equinoctial storm which has just ended was one of the most severe known in this locality for many years. The reports from the bay show that a great many vessels were in distress, but it is not believed that any were wrecked.

Driven Ashore.

FREEPORT, L. I., Sept. 14.—The Italian steamer Indipendente, with sulphur and lemons, drove ashore at Jones' Inlet during the high wind and fog. The crew are all ashore at this place and look as though they had had a rough night.

NEW JERSEY'S GOVERNOR.

Wild Excitement at the Convention—The Platform.

TRENTON, Sept. 14.—The Democratic State convention has nominated Leon Abbett for governor. There was wild excitement. Albright's followers made a determined fight against the nominee and scenes of confusion followed. On the first ballot Abbett received 218 to Albright's 139. On the second ballot Albright lost 10 votes in his own county (Essex), and this quickly turned the tide. The delegations which had already voted began to change for Abbett, and it was evident he had more than the requisite 319 votes. Amid wild cheers from Hudson and groans and hisses from Essex the clerk announced that Abbet had received 333 votes and Albright 138. A motion to make the nomination unanimous was howled down by Essex and the galleries, and after a few minutes of cheers and hissing, during which the Essex members vainly tried to obtain the ear of the chair, the convention spontaneously broke up, the Essex county delegates starting first to leave the hall, swearing that they would never support the candidate.

The platform denounces the Republican party, upholds the constitution and favors a tariff for revenue sufficient to sustain the government, and protect the industries without fostering monopolies.

CHICAGO'S SENSATION.

A Fashionable Physician Elopes with a Young Woman.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—Society circles here are greatly agitated over the announcement of the elopement of Dr. H. Webster Jones with Mrs. Rudolph A. Bigelow. Dr. Jones was one of the most successful physicians in this city, and he enjoyed a fashionable practice worth $30,000 a year. He is a man of unusual eloquence, and has hitherto borne an unspotted character as a gentleman. He was a member of many of the clubs, a close student, an enthusiast in his profession and a general favorite in fashionable circles. The woman with whom he eloped, better known as Miriam Beatrice Dean, is young and pretty, and had made some local literary reputation as a contributor to the press and magazines. She buried her first husband, was divorced from the second and has now left the third and a little girl behind. The doctor also leaves a wife, who is now with friends in Connecticut. The most charitable construction which his friends can place upon his conduct in sacrificing popularity, wealth and society is that he had an infatuation for the young woman amounting to insanity. One report is to the effect that they have gone to Europe, and another that they have started for Australia. The escapade has caused much excitement.

An American Honored.

MUNICH, Sept. 8.—At the session of the International Law Institute, held in this city, John F. Dillon, professor of the Law School of Columbia College, New York, was elected an associate member.

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO.

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.

136 Men's Fine Wool Hats	.65 to 75 cents,	elsewhere	$1 25
136 Men's Finest Fur Hats	1 25, worth 2 00 to 3 00.		
	Some very Fine Hats among them.		
136 pair Men's Dress Shoes	$1 00,	elsewhere	$1 75
136 " " Sewed shoes	1 00,	"	1 75
136 " " Sewed Working Shoes	1 00,	"	1 75

One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackning .85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes..1 50 worth 2 50
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes 1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet Walking shoes	75c	elsewhere	$1 50
" " " " "	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Cloth Langtry Walking Shoe	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes	75c	"	1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties	50c	"	1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 50
" four button Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 25
Lace Morocco Fine " "	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Newport Ties	75c	"	1 25
Patent Leather Tip	90c	"	1 65
Child's Yellow Slippers	15c	"	50
" Button Shoes	45c	"	85
" Basket "	45c	"	50
" Lace Shoe	35c	"	55
" Button Shoe	40 & 45c	"	60
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button	40c	"	65
" Spring Heel	49c	"	65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price	2 00	now	75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers	65c	elsewhere	1 25
Ladies Leather slippers	50c	"	75
Misses' button shoes	75 & 85c	"	1 25
Ladies " "	1 00 & 1 25	"	1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed	1 25	"	2 00
" fine lace shoes	90c	"	1 50
Misses fine button shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine button shoes	75c	"	1 50
Men's plain lace shoes	1 00	"	1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Men's spring bottom black Pants	75c	elsewhere	1 50
" black Pants	75c	"	1 50
" light Cassimere all wool Pants	1 25	"	2 00
" " " "	2 00	"	4 00
" black all wool Diagonal	2 00	"	4 00
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants	3 00	"	4 50
" ⅔ wool pants gray mixed	3 50	"	6 00
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us	1 00		
	$4 to $5	for	1 50 to 2 00

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.

We Are Overstocked.

10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50. 16 dollar suit down to 12 50.
8½ dollar suit down to 5½. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6½.
A few black Diagonal Suits at 4 dollars that is just half price. A few nearly all wool black Diagonal 5 dollars, elsewhere 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal Suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army Blue, very fine all wool 10 dollars, elsewhere 15 dollars.

Boys' and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit	1 50	elsewhere	3 00
A very fine blue " "	2 00	"	4 50
A very fine blue " "	3 50	"	6 00
Children's Suits, good quality	1 75	"	2 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years	2 00	"	4 50
Boys' suits, " " all wool	3 00	"	5 00
Boys' suits, " " "	3 50	"	5 50

DRESS GOODS, SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Fine Cheviot shirting	8c	elsewhere	12½
Dress Plaids	8, 10, 12	elsewhere	12½ to 20
Bed Spreads at one-half	58, 50, 60, 75	"	75, 90, 1 00, 1 25
Another lot Brocaded Sateens	16c	elsewhere	30
Another lot Brocaded Sateens	12½c	elsewhere	20
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet	12½	old price	35

One Lot of Embroideries, about 500 Yards, at One-Half Price.

The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices:

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40

One Lot of Crape Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, old price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are One Half of Other's Prices. Such Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

Child's regular made Hose 6 pair for 25c
One lot of all Silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon 25c a yd. actual value 40 & 50c
Child's and Misses Hose 4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 40

June 28 SEND FOR SAMPLES. LYON & CO.

COMPLETE WHEAT AND GRASS FERTILIZER FOR $25 PER TON.

This article has given universal satisfaction, and the sales have grown enormously. Orders should be sent in at once to secure prompt shipment.

$25.00 Per ton of 2,000 Pounds. On Cars or Boat in Philadelphia. Guaranteed Analysis printed on each Bag.

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How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity Impediments to Marriage, etc., also Consumption Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, etc.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates from his successful practice that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man in the land.

Sent under seal in a plain envelope, to any address post paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address,

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41 Ann St. New York, P. O. box, 450

HOW MANY MILES DO YOU DRIVE? THE ODOMOTER WILL TELL

This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-1000th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over-driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a Buggy, Carriage, Sulky, Wagon, Road Cart, Sulky Plow, Reaper, Mower, or other vehicles. Invaluable to Liverymen, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Surveyors, Draymen, Expressmen, Stage Owners, &c. Price only $5.00 each, one third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post paid. Address

McDONNEL ODOMOTER CO.,
2 North La Salle St., Chicago.
Send for Circular. 26july 2½m.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

EISNER & MENDELSON, Sole Agents for the United States, 319 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"PURITAS."

The celebrated Vegetable Blood Purifier. It immediately cures Headache, Constipation, Purifies the Skin. Mailed anywhere upon receipt of 25 cents. Unsurpassed for Children.

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SMITH'S GERMAN OLIO!

The Great German Remedy
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine, at 50 Cents a Bottle.

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Regular Price, $83.00 without BENCH, BOOK and MUSIC.

$88.00 FOR ONLY $59.00 FREIGHT PREPAID.

24 STOPS. 1-Cello, 8 ft. tone, 2-Melodia, 8 ft. tone, 3-Clarabella, 8 ft. tone, 4-Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. tone, 5-Bourdon, 16 ft. tone, 6-Saxaphone, 8 ft. tone, 7-Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone, 8-Dulciana, 8 ft. tone, 9-Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone, 10-Grand Expressione, 11-French Horn, 8 ft. tone, 12-Diapason, 13-Flute, 8 ft. tone, 14-Octave, 4 ft. tone, 15-Harp Aeolian, 16-Flute, 4 ft. tone, 17-Clarionet, 8 ft. tone, 18-Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone, 19-Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. tone, 20-Piccolo, 4 ft. tone, 21 Coupler Harmonique, 22-Orchestral Forte, 23-Grand Organ knee Stop, 24-Right Organ Knee Stop.

This Organ is a triumph of the Organ Builder's Art. IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL IN APPEARANCE, BEING EXACTLY LIKE CUT. The Case is of Solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand-carving and expensive fancy veneers. The Music Pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

FIVE SETS REEDS, Five Octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the Sweet VOIX CELESTE Stop, the Famous French Horn, Sub Organ, Right and Left Knee Stops, to control the entire power; 231 Tone Reeds, 10 of which are GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: one set of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, 10 octaves of VOIX CELESTE, one set of FRENCH HORN REEDS, with an OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the instrument. Large Stands, Patent Ivory Music, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, Slide sounding Boards, &c., 15-bar Swinging and non-pressing Arranged Handles for moving. The Bellows, which are of the very best quality of Rubber Cloth, are of great power, and are fitted up with Steel Springs and the Metal of neat design, and never get out of repair or worn

SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER.

If you will remit me $59 and the annexed Coupon within 10 days from the date of this Newspaper, I will box and ship you this Organ, with Organ Bench, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for $83. You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days, as you receive prior advantage and a new reduced price for Six Days.

Given under my Hand and Seal

Daniel F. Beatty

COUPON On receipt of this Coupon and $59.00 in cash by Bank Draft Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, &c., I will box and ship to you, freight prepaid, one of my $83 Parlor Organs, with Stool, Book, etc., provided the cash balance of $59 are remitting this coupon, and I will send you a certificated bill in full for $83, and box and ship you the Organ as soon as the same is received. Fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from the date of remittance if not as represented after one month's use. $24

(Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you (provided I agree to prepay freight on the above organ to your nearest railroad freight station, any point east of the Mississippi River, or that for on any point west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument, as it were, at your very door, all freight prepaid, manufacturer's wholesale prices. Order now; nothing like it by correspondence.

HOW TO ORDER. Enclosed find $59 for organ. I have read your advertisement, statement in this advertisement, and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forward it, at six per cent. according to your offer. Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this advertisement instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price.

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New Style No. 1215.—Height, 78 ins. Depth, 40 ins. Weight, boxed, about 600 lbs.

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WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

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HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
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FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
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A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
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J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP.
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Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
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SPRING WAGONS
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and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence al work from these shops is guaranteed

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Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.
SUPPLEMENT.

CENTRE HALL, PA. Sep, 20. 1883.

A PERILOUS TRIP.

Terrible Experience of the Bark "Chapman."

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 11.—The bark Chapman, of Brahestad, Finland, which put in here, while on her voyage from Pensacola to Amsterdam, reports a terrible experience. The vessel sailed from Pensacola July 30, with a cargo of pitch pine timber. On the 28th of August stormy weather set in, and the following day the wind increased in fury, blowing a gale from eastsoutheast nearly all day. In the evening it became a hurricane, and a tremendous cross sea was running, frequently washing over the bark's bowsprit, which, with all attached to it, was carried away at the knight head, and shortly after the foremast went, breaking seven feet from the deck. The main topgallantmast and gear got under the ship's bottom, but was cut clear. The bulwarks on the port side and one boat were smashed. The topgallant yard was rigged for a jury mast, and the bark arrived off Halifax on Saturday, and was taken in tow by a steam tug yesterday.

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Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Fancy Goods, Notions, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Satchels, Groceries. Flour, &c., &c., &c.

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SUMMER DRESS GOODS
In the Latest Styles and Designs, to which we especially invite the attention of the Ladies.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF
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Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c.
IS COMPLETE AND FOR
CHEAPNESS and DURABILITY
Cannot be Excelled.

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Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14mdr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

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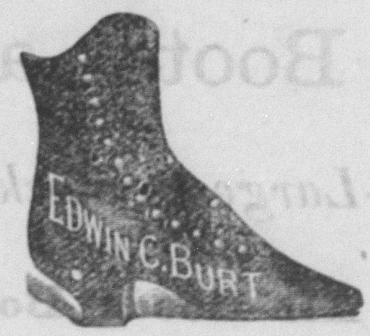

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E. C. BURTS'
Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.

HANAN & SON'S,
New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted.

J. H. BYRNESS'
Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.

In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of
MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS,
PLOW SHOES, BROGANS,
& SLIPPERS
of every description, at the lowest figures.

☞ Remember the place, on Corner of
BROCKERHOFF ROW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
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SECHLERS! SECHLERS! SECHLERS!

— NEW GOODS —

Just opened a full line of Choice Family

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
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Such as

TEAS, COFFEES,
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DRIED FRUITS,
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NUTS,
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FINE CANDIES.
FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,
Together with
GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

WM. A. SANDOE,

MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA,

Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instructions under D W. A. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Pen'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.

He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. mar29y

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA. DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER ITCH, — ALL — FEMALE COMPLAINTS. For LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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GOOD AGENTS WANTED in unoccupied territory.

D. S. MORGAN & CO., Brockport, Monroe Co., N.Y.

A TRAMP'S REVENGE.

Two Little Girls Saved from a Terrible Death by a Young Farmer.

BUFFALO, Sept. 4.—Mr. Dallas Crawford, of Wesleyville, recently drove a gang of tramps from his premises. One of them lurked around several days waiting for revenge. Saturday he saw Crawford's two little daughters enter the mill, on the upper floor of which a play-room had been partitioned off for them. Following, he fastened the door while they were playing with their toys, and then, descending to the basement, he piled heaps of inflammable material at several points and set them on fire. Soon the lower portion of the mill was enveloped in flames. Ingress and egress were alike cut off, and the girls seemed doomed to die the most agonizing of deaths. They crawled through a hole upon the roof, but were afraid to jump, as the distance was thirty-five feet and the ground thickly dotted with jagged boulders. No ladders were available, nor could they be used if at hand. A deliverer appeared in the person of Alfred K. Bonnel, a young farmer, carrying a coil of rope, to which he fastened a strong iron hook. Hastily strapping climbing irons to his legs he ascended a tall oak tree near the mill, and in a moment stood on a limb high over the children. The young man threw his rope, and so precise was the aim that the hook caught in the smaller girl's dress. Drawing the cord hand over hand she swung clear and was lowered safely into her father's arms. The other girl was then lowered in the same manner, and a few minutes afterwards the boiler burst, blowing the mill to pieces. The hands escaped.

OUT OF THE CAR WINDOW.

A Deserter's Daring Leap from a Swiftly Moving Train.

READING, PA., Sept. 6.—The 10.30 train from this city for New York had among its passengers a squad of United States soldiers consisting of a sergeant and six privates who had in custody a deserter captured at Harrisburg, and destined for Governor's Island. Nothing unusual occurred until reaching this city. The deserter here complained that the handcuffs hurt him and asked to have them taken off. After some talk about it the sergeant removed them. After leaving here the prisoner curled himself on one of the seats and pretended to be sleeping. While the soldiers were not looking their prisoner raised the car window and suddenly placed his hands close to his head and then, when the train was rushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, shot himself through the window feet foremost. The horrified passengers expected to see the man mangled by the cars, but he landed safely on his feet, stopped a moment to rub his eyes, and then struck out at a brisk pace for the heavily wooded hills near Emans. The sergeant pulled the bell-rope and stopped the train, which had run about 200 yards from where the deserter had made his bold jump. After getting his men off the train they started in pursuit, but were unable to get any trace of their prisoner.

BUTLER AGAIN A CANDIDATE.

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention Called.

BOSTON, Sept. 3.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Democratic State committee, a call for a State convention to be held at Springfield on September 26 was drawn up and accepted. It was authoritatively stated to the committee that General Butler has decided to run for re-election this fall.

The announcement that Governor Butler will be a candidate for re-election is not necessarily a finality. It is the policy of the Democratic leaders to compel General Butler to run, as with no other candidate have they a ghost of a show, but the General will not say "yes" until he is assured of success by something more definite and substantial than reports from the country towns that his star is still in the ascendant. This assurance will not come until the Republicans shall have nominated a weak candidate, and that from the present indications is not probable. The call invites "the Democrats of Massachusetts and all others who are ready to unite with them in defence of the good name of the state as a just and humane commonwealth, and to promote the common welfare by the continued correction of administrative errors and abuses and the reformation of unequal and unjust laws," to send delegates to the convention for the nomination of the usual candidates, and if the convention so determine, to choose four delegates-at-large to attend the Democratic national convention in 1884.

An Excursion Steamer Sunk.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The excursion steamer Gen. Sedgwick while lying at her dock early Sunday morning suddenly went to the bottom. Three watchmen who were sleeping on board barely escaped with their lives and lost all their clothing. It is believed that she caught her guard rail over a pile as she rolled with the waves, and, her weight coming on it, a seam was started below the water line. The Gen. Sedgwick was built in Jersey City in 1873, and was rebuilt in 1882. She was in the dry dock in May, and was inspected by the government inspectors, who pronounced her sound. She registered 466 tons, and was rather larger than the Riverdale that blew up last week. She is distinguished as the vessel carrying a steam calliope.

Mr. Sprague Very Belligerent.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 3.—At a meeting of the Quidneck company, the stockholders being represented by Assignee Pomeroy and Trustee Farnsworth, Stephen Harris was elected president, and Charles B. Gould, secretary. Mr. Harris proceeded to the office of the company, saw William Sprague, and demanded possession of the property. Mr. Sprague said he was no longer president, but represented the president, and if Mr. Harris attempted to take possession he would kill him. Mr. Harris pleasantly remonstrated with the irate man, but Mr. Sprague reiterated his statement that he would kill him, and said that if Mr. Harris went to the mill in his absence he had men there who would throw him into a trench a cold corpse. Mr. Harris then withdrew.

Young Nutt's Trial Postponed.

UNIONTOWN, Penn., Sept. 5.—The trial of young James Nutt, the slayer of Dukes, has been postponed until the December term of court. Owing to the illness of Clark Breckenridge, a cousin of the prisoner, and an important witness for the defense, the continuance was asked and granted. Judge G. M. Curtis, a prominent New York attorney, has tendered his services as counsel for the defense. The prosecution claim to regret the continuance.

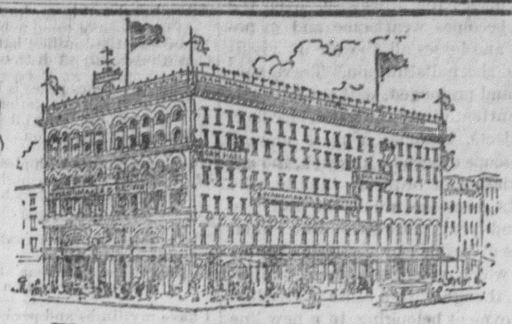
Determined to Kill Him.

WHITEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 6.—A. J. Luinson, postmaster at Swinson's, was thrown into a well by a negro, who then robbed the post-office and house of considerable money and clothing. Luinson kept his head above water in the well. The negro, to make sure of killing his victim, threw in a railroad tie, which, luckily, lodged across the well. He then threw in a heavy plank. After being in the well over four hours Luinson got out. The negro is supposed to have fled to South Carolina.

Minister Lowell Complimented.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—All the morning papers contain editorial articles which are highly complimentary to the United States Minister Lowell and his speech at the unveiling of the Fielding bust at Taunton.

WANAMAKER & BROWN



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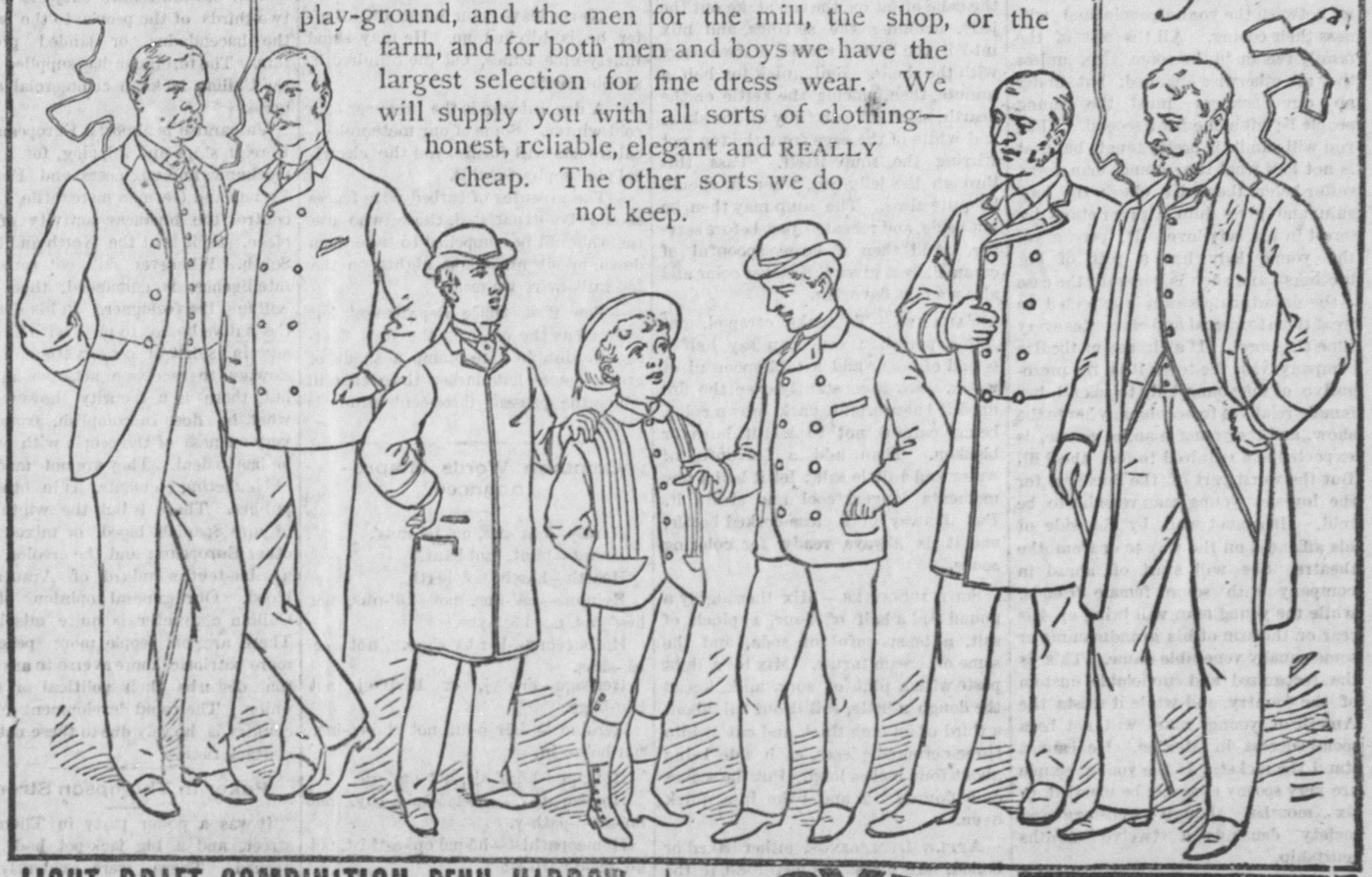
AUTUMN ~1883~

Oak Hall grows old only in experience. In all else it is younger this Autumn season of 1883 than ever before. The old ways of dealing with our friends—and we are friends with everybody—make trading at Oak Hall simplicity and safety itself, and the creation of the latest styles with the best workmanship makes Oak Hall the final authority on all questions of fashion in Men's and Boys' dress. Oak Hall is the natural trading place for all retail clothing buyers in and about Philadelphia. The boys will find just the stuff for the school-room and the play-ground, and the men for the mill, the shop, or the farm, and for both men and boys we have the largest selection for fine dress wear. We will supply you with all sorts of clothing—honest, reliable, elegant and REALLY cheap. The other sorts we do not keep.

Oak Hall originated the One Price and Guarantee System



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Best In The World.

Stretcher sent with Harrow.

Wheel Revolves and gives the ground Two Harrowings in passing over it once, therefore will do double the work of any other Harrow and save the farmer half his labor Another great advantage the Penn Harrow has over any other, it can be so easily changed into Five Different Harrows, a Corn Marker and a Complete Sled for each Harrow, without adding an extra piece or bolt. Thus the farmer has all the Harrows in the one required on his place, and they are adapted to any soil.

Penn Harrow is made of the Best White Oak, with Steel Teeth, Well Painted and in every way first-class. Formerly a Harrow was the most unhandy impliment on the farm, with our improvements it is the most convenient, and a great saving of time and labor, look to your interest and buy the Penn Harrow. Manufactured only by the

Penn Harrow Manufacturing Co.

Opposite Philadelphia, Pa. Camden, New Jersey.

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HAS THE ONLY ADJUSTABLE SPRING IN THE WORLD.

NO SAG, NO SWAY, NO PITCH, CARRIES ANY WEIGHT.

ADJUSTED TO SUIT ANY WEIGHT BY TURNING NUT ON TOP OF SPRING.

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LIGHT, STYLISH AND STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

EVERY BUGGY WARRANTED 2 YEARS. SPRINGS WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

THE EASIEST RIDING BUGGY BUILT.

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And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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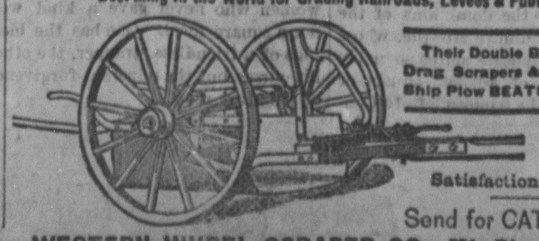
The Only Practical & Durable Wheeled Scrapers.

Best thing in the World for Grading Railroads, Levees & Public Roads.



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Guaranteed Strictly First Class.

For Beauty of Finish, Pipe like Tone, Superiority of Action, Work and Thoroughness of Construction they stand unrivalled.

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UNEXCELLED FOR BEAUTY, DURABILITY AND LIGHT RUNNING.

New method of attaching the Sails,

MAKING IT THE MOST POWERFUL AND DURABLE MILL BUILT.

ALL KINDS OF TANKS, PIPE, PUMPS, Etc.

Be sure to send for our new Catalogue before buying.

BUCHANAN WIND MILL CO., BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN.

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Bus to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

PE-RU-NA

"For Neuralgia in the limbs, stomach, back, breast, side, shoulder-blades, or anywhere else, take PERUNA."

"For Cramp of the Stomach, Colic, Biliousness, Diarrhœa, or Vomiting, take PERUNA."

"For Cough, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, take PERUNA."

"For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat take PERUNA."

"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt, and efficient medicine known to man."

"PERUNA is the best appetizer, surest tonic, finest invigorator of the body and mind."

"If you can't sleep, if you are weak, or worried mentally, take PERUNA."

"But remember the most important of all is that PERUNA will cure Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bright's Disease, and Diabetes of the Kidneys."

If your druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O.

For Constipation and Piles, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

THE CELEBRATED BARNUM CHEESE SAFES.

(Patented.)

RETAIL GROCERS, ATTENTION!

BUY NONE! HAVE NONE! USE NONE! BUT

The celebrated BARNUM SAFES.

For sale generally by the wholesale woodenware and grocery dealers. If your jobber cannot supply you, send your orders direct to us.

The E. T. Barnum Wire & Iron Works, DETROIT, MICH.

BUSH HOUSE, W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial. 28june tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

DR G. W. KLINE, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Potters Mills, Pa. All calls, day and night, promptly attended to. Has had several years successful practice. 11jun6m

Courting in Mexico.

Courting, from all accounts, is a pretty tough job in this country. The young man is first supposed to meet the young lady on the plaza. They never speak, but they always gaze at each other as they pass. When the lady does not make her appearance on the plaza the young man will repair to the street fronting the house and walk up and down in front of it for several hours. He will always gaze earnestly at the window as he passes. The young lady and her female friends are inside, and she will return his glance. After 10 o'clock the young man will go home. This performance is continued for a couple of months, and at last the young man will knock boldly at the door and ask for the lady of the house. He will tell he that her daughter is an angel from the Paradise valley of Heaven; that she is beautiful beyond compare; that she is better than she is beautiful; that he is wildly in love with her, and that life has no possible interest for him unless he can win her. He will then tell of his prospects in life; what he is possessed of and hopes to be possessed of. If this latter part is satisfactory to the mamma she will commiserate with him, tell him that she has noticed his attention to her daughter, and finally conclude by inviting him to the inner circle and introducing him to the young lady in the presence of the assembled family. The grandma (if there is a grandma in the family), will sit between the young people and witness their cooing. All the rest of the family remain in the room also, unless they are otherwise engaged, but under no circumstances must the young people be left alone for a second. This, you will admit, is pretty tough, but that is not half what the young man must suffer before the padre closes the bargain and gives him a proprietary interest in his lady-love. If, perchance, the young lady has a pair of big brothers—and such is generally the case—the unfortunate swain is expected to treat them to mescal and cigarettes every time they meet. If a circus or a theatre company visit the town it is the prerogative of the young lady to ask all her female relatives to accompany her to the show, and the young man, of course, is expected and required to foot the bill; But the worst part of the business for the lovesick young man remains to be told. He cannot walk by the side of his affianced on the way to or from the theatre. She will start off ahead in company with some female friends, while the young man will bring up the rear on the arm of his grandmamma or some equally venerable dame. This is the recognized and inviolable custom of the country, and while it exists the American young man will not be a social success in Mexico. He cannot stand the racket. If the young couple are very spoony they can be married in six months, though well-regulated society demands a twelve months courtship.

The True Holiday.

Why it is Wise to Diversify One's Usual Work Rather than be Idle.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that nothing of the nature of work should be allowed to haunt the mind on a holiday. The only result of that is that holiday-making itself is very apt to become a laborious piece of pleasure-seeking. It is quite true, of course, that you should not, if you can help it, take task work on a holiday. But it is quite as true that if there is anything requiring some effort and method and care, in which, nevertheless, the mind finds a fresh spring of buoyancy—such as many men, for instance, who are not musicians by profession, find in music, and many more find in art—the holiday will be twice as enjoyable if some distinct and recognisable progress can be made in that province. It is not pains, effort and care which fatigue the mind, but pains effort and care expended on the same class of subjects on which they are day by day regularly expended. Devote a moderate portion of pains, effort and care to other than the regular subjects—to subjects with which no sense of worry, routine and fag is associated—and you will find that the pains, effort and care so directed increase the sense of elasticity and buoyancy in your holiday, instead of diminishing it. Pleasure-seeking unadulterated is, after all, a very wearisome occupation.

The man of business who has a turn for literature or art should be a literary man or an artist in his holiday, while the literary man or artist should turn his attention to natural science or antiquarian research, or, at least, to some outlying province of his own pursuit, the prosecution of which may be compatible with the ardor of a generally repressed and restrained interest. No doubt such a course would involve some change of plan in relation to holidays, some considerable breaks in the constant rush of travel, some contrivance for interleaving at least frequent mornings of quiet with the whirl of exhausting excitements. But that is precisely what gives a keener flavor to the air of change itself; for otherwise, even the change becomes wearisome and monotonous, and looses all the air of vividness and sharp distinction. Travel continued and prolonged, without intervals of close attention concentrated on coherent subjects, becomes a mere moving kaleidoscope of scenes, in which, though the variation of order is infinite, the elements seem too much the same to command your interest. But when travel is diversified by some steady pursuit in which you exert your trained powers, though with a sense of freedom and enjoyment belonging to a new line of direction, you renew enough of the tension of purpose belonging to daily life to renovate constantly the delight in leisure, without renewing any of the aniexty and responsibility of professional undertakings.

Culinary Conceits.

AMBER SOUP.—Take two pounds of soup bone, a chicken, a small slice of ham, an onion, a sprig of parsley, half a small carrot, half a small parsnip, half a stick of celery, three cloves, pepper, salt, a gallon of cold water. Let the beef, chicken and ham boil slowly for five hours; add the vegetables and cloves to cook the last hour, having fried the onion in a little hot fat, and then in it stick the cloves. Strain the soup into an earthen bowl, and let it remain over night. Next day remove the cake of fat on the top; take out the jelly, avoiding the settings, and mix into it the beaten whites of two eggs with the shells. Boil quick for half a minute, then, placing the kettle on the hearth, skim off carefully all the skum and white of the eggs from the top, not stirring the soup itself. Pass this through the jelly bag, when it should be quite clear. The soup may then be put aside, and reheated just before serving. Add then a large spoonful of caramel, as it gives it a richer color and also a slight flavoring.

CARAMEL.—To make caramel, put into a porcelain saucepan say half a pound of sugar and a tablespoonful of water. Stir it constantly over the fire until it has a bright, dark brown color, being careful not to let it burn or blacken. Then add a teacupful of water and a little salt; let it boil a few moments longer, cool and strain it. Put it away in a close-corked bottle, and it is always ready for coloring soups.

SCOTCH SCONES.—Mix thoroughly a pound and a half of flour, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of soda, and the same of cream tartar. Mix to a light paste with a pint of sour milk, knead the dough a little, roll it out till about a third of an inch thick and cut it into three-cornered pieces, each side being about four inches long. Put the scones on a floured tin and bake in a quick oven.

APPLE DUMPLINGS, either baked or boiled, are nicest and healthiest if the crust is made of cream. Pare and core an apple, cover it with crust put several such dumplings in a baking dish (earthen is much better than tin,) add sugar between them, and a little water. Eat with the same sauce given for bread pudding, if preferred, use sugar and butter beaten together.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—Take cold (or hot), boiled sweet potatoes and mash as fine as possible; add one teacup of sirup, one cup sugar, one gg, (or more if plenty,) one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful ground spice, one tablespoonful butter, four tablespoonsful of flour. Bake seal brown on top and bottom, and turn on a dish. Slice, when cold, and serve.

FEATHER CAKE..—Half cup of butter, three of flour, two of sugar, one of milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

CROW'S NEST PUDDING.—Pare some nice mellow apples, and slice them in a deep buttered tin. Then for the batter, take one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of sour cream, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda. Add flour enough to make a good batter. This is eaten with cream and sugar.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Three pints of milk, four to six eggs, sugar to taste, two thick slices of bread, crumbed very fine. Any kind of fruit.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING is made with apples pared and cored; put these in a pudding dish, and having filled the hollow in each with sugar, pour a custard over all, and bake slowly until done.

An Observation of Life.

How much more graceful, elegant and superior does the man on the bicycle look than the man with the wheelbarrow! But wait until they come into collision and see which procession turns up in the most handsome condition.

The signal station on Pike's Peak, 14,156 feet high, is the highest building in the world inhabited the year round.

CONTENTMENT.

I'd rather dwell in my humble cot,
With peace of mind to bless me,
Than own the lordliest hall e'er wrought,
With cares to oft distress me.

It's not in riches peace is had,
It's not in rank or station;
The heart of him may oft beat sad,
Tho' ruler of a nation.

The miser counts with pleased grin
His hoarded treasures nightly;
But think not that he's blest within,
His riches sit not lightly.

The rabble's shout may satisfy
Political ambition;
Could you the statesman's thoughts but spy,
You'd pity his condition.

I have my limbs and perfect health,
I know not money's bother;
And these with peace, make up my wealth,
I wish, my friend, none other.

BY A. ASHMUN KELLY.

Facts and Fancies.

—Is a baby-carriage a cry-cycle?

—Philadelphia has a negro letter carrier.

—The cranberry crop this year will be small.

—Mackerel will be scarce and high this season.

—The potatoes this year have stolen a march on the potato-bug.

—Hot water is becoming popular as a remedy for dyspepsia.

—There are 213,500 farms in Pennsylvania averaging 134 acres each.

—Can any one tell why eggs are so high? The occupation of the old hen has become *eminently* respectable.

—Never leave your horse untied after he is hitched up. He may stand ninety-nine times, but the hundredth, smash things.

—A dry autumn is the precuser of a cold winter. Some of our meteorological friends will furnish you the electrical philosophy for this.

—The inventor of barbed wire fences should be expatiated, those who use them should be compelled to take them down, or sit moonlight nights on the top rail—wire we mean.

—The Post Office Department has selected as the color for the new four-cent or double rate stamp a shade of green, somewhat darker than that in which the present three-cent stamp is printed.

Common Words Mispronounced.

Harass—hăr'-ass, not hā-rass'.
Haunt—hänt, not hănt.
Hearth—härth, not hërth.
Heinous—hā'-nus, not hē'-nus, nor hēn'-yus, nor hān'-yus.
Herbaceous—her-bā'-shus, not er-bā'-shus.
Herbage—ërb'-ej, or hërb'-ej, not hĕr'-bāge.
Heroine — hĕr'-o-ĭn, not hē-ro-ine, nor hē'-ro-in.
Homage—hŏm'-aje, not ōm'-aje.
Homeopathy — hō-mē-ŏp'-ā-thy, not hŏ'-me-o-path-y.
Homeopathist—hō-mē op'-a-thist, not hŏ'-me-o-path-ist.
Horizon—hō-rī'-zon, not hŏr'-i-zon.
Horse-radish — horse-răd'-ish, not horse-rĕd'-ish.
Hough—hŏk', not huff.
Houri—howr'-y, not our'-y
Hovel—hŏv'-el, not hŭv'-el.
Hydropathy—hī-drŏp'-a-thy, not hī'-drī'-păth-y.
Hygiene—hī'-ji-ēne, not hi-geen' nor hī'-geen.

Emperor Selim II.

His Excess in Eating and Drinking and His Disorderly Life.

In person he was said to have resembled in early life his Russian mother, the famous Roxalana, whose imperious temper he had inherited without her vigorous understanding. His disorderly life had, however, long ago effaced all traces of her transmitted beauty. Excess both in eating and drinking (for he was said to remain sometimes for whole days and nights at table, and to drink a bottle of spirits every morning by way of aiding his digestion), had bloated his cheek and dulled his eye. He was, however, not a little proud of his crimson complexion, and dyed his hands and face to a blood color.

To the Western stranger, who was led through the wide courts of the Seraglio, between long ranks of janissaries, terrible and silent as death, to the barbaric pomp of his presence chamber, or who beheld him riding at noon to mosque, glittering with gems, among his gilded and jewelled cavaliers, the little, firey-faced infidel, with his beard dyed jet, his blackened eyelids, add his huge turban must have appeared the very personification of the fierce and wicked heathen tyrant of chivalrous romance.

If his brief reign belong to the splendid period of Turkish history; if it produced some of the chief monuments of Mohammedan legislation and added several Arabian provinces and the royal Isle of Cyprus to the dominions of the Crown; if the Salimye Mosque, whose airy domes and delicate spires so nobly crown the city of Adrian, equals, or perhaps excels, the temples left to Constantinople by Solyman and Justinian, the glory of these achievements is due, not to the indolent monarch who soiled the throne with the foulest vices, but to the unexhausted impulse of a better time, and to that able band of renegades and soldiers of fortune trained in the school of Solyman—quick-witted Greeks and Italians, bold Albanians, patient Bosnians and Croats—who bartered their genius and valor for the gold of the slothful Turk.

Chili's Prosperity.

Some Reason Why That South American Republic Excels the Others.

The commercial prosperity of Chili, as compared with the other South American republics, finds an explanation not merely in the character of her people and the natural resources of the country, but in the stability of her government. Sixty years of independence have converted an almost unknown colony of Spain into a flourishing republic of brave, hard-working, law-abiding citizens. While her neighbors have wasted their life blood in domestic feuds, Chili, imitative as she is, has never ceased to show the political and social spirit of foreign influence in her government, laws and institutions. The existence of an aristocracy of wealth, while it may have hindered the material advancement of the masses, has, at all events, secured a powerfully centralized and harmoniously working government. The semi-feudal system of land tenure subjects almost two-thirds of the people to the will of the hacendados, or landed proprietors. The foreigner has supplied what the Chilian lacks in commercial enterprise.

Valparaiso is almost a European city. Foreign ships and shipping, for foreign mechanics and engineers, and English French and German mercantile houses control the business activity of the place. So it is at the North and in the South. Wherever skill, enterprise and intelligence is demanded, there you will find the foreigner. In his dealings the native he has to meet with a counteracting spirit of conservatism, and a slowness to receive or act upon an idea, but there is a security, however, in what he does accomplish, from the very oneness of the people with whom he has to deal. They are not made up of conflicting elements, as in other republics. There is but the white race of pure Spanish blood, or mixed with other European; and the creoles, with a nine-tenths mixed of Araucanian blood. Our general opinion of the Chilian character is quite misplaced. There are no people more peaceful, more patriotic, more averse to anything that disturbs their political or social union. The rapid development of the country is largely due to these national characteristics.

Poker in Thompson Street.

It was a poker party in Thompson street, and a big jack-pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands out, and bets and excitement ran high. "Looker hyer, Gus, whuffer yo' risedat pot?" exclaimed Mr. Tooter Williams. "Nebber yo'mind—yo' call, ef yo' isn't afraid—yes, yo' call—dat's all!" retorted Gus, sullenly. "I won't call! I rise yo' back," said Mr. Williams, whose vertebræ was ascending. "I rise yo' ag'in," retorted Gus. And so they went at each other until chips, money and collateral were gone; then Williams concluded to call. "What yo' got, niggah, dat yo' do all dat risin' on? What yo' got, nohow? Gus laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat good?" he inquired, beginning to seize up the pot. "No, dat's not good!" said Mr. Williams, reaching down in his bootleg. "What yo' got, den?" inquired Gus. Mr. Williams looked at him fixedly. "Ise jes' got two jacks an' a razzer." "Dat's good," said Gus.

The Hired Boy.

Keep a warm place in your heart and a kind word for the hired boy. He may not be the kind of a boy you like; he may be rough, even rude, about the house, an eye-sore at the table; but for all that, be kind. It is true he is an insignificant person, as his unkempt hair and ill-fitting clothes testify. But under the tangled mat can be hid a bright intellect, and under the tattered jacket can beat a warm heart. The hired boy of to-day may be the farmer of the future, when perhaps your happy children are friendless menials. I am speaking to farmers' wives now and from experience. It matters little to the hired boy what the rough farmer may say, or what tasks he may impose, if the wife be kind. As a hired boy I have parted in tears with big-hearted wives who, like mothers, have overlooked my faults and whose kindness had made me docile, and as a hired boy I have parted in anger with heartless women who never gave a kind word nor a square meal. One has the blessings of a friendless stranger, the other, his curses, but the reluctant forgiveness of a mature man.

High Speed in Railways.

While there can be no doubt that as regards cheapness and rapidity of construction, general excellence of bridges, locomotives and cars the railways of this country are ahead of the rest of the world, the signaling arrangements here, with few exceptions, are rudimentary and inefficient, and render fast traveling a matter of considerable difficulty, if not danger. It is impossible to run a really fast express train if the signals are ambiguous and if every level crossing is made a compulsory stopping-place. The saving in time by fast trains can only be fully felt in a great country where very long journeys are not only possible but are frequently undertaken; but hitherto this fact has been little appreciated, and people have been content to travel at a slow speed and put up with frequent stoppages, because the railways are new, the rails roughly laid and many bridges unsafe at a high speed. But of late years these conditions have been materially changed. The widespread use of steel rails, the greater care bestowed on the road-bed and the introduction of iron bridges of first-class workmanship have made high speed perfectly safe and easy on most parts of good roads in the Eastern and Middle States; but it is rendered unsafe where switches are so arranged that they may be left open to an approaching train without any signal warning the engineer, or the signals so formed that the difference to the eye between a clear or allright signal, and a danger or stop signal is slight in snowy weather or under atmospheric conditions which render the difference between colors impreceptiable, though a difference in form may be perceived.

The real gain of time to a business man obtained by a difference of a few miles an hour in the speed of a long-journey train is illustrated by an actual case. A man in New York wishes to do a day's work in Chicago. He takes one of the fastest and best appointed trains he can find—the Chicago limited. It leaves New York at 9 A. M., and lands him at Chicago at 11 the next morning, having accomplished 914 miles in 26 hours 55 minutes, allowing for the difference in time between the two cities. This makes an average speed of 1.38 miles per hour, including all stoppages. But assume, what is surely not extravagant, that as high a speed can be attained on the Pennsylvania or any other first-class American roads as on an English main line, and what shape does the problem assume? On one English road, the Great Northern, the distance between Leeds and London (186¼ miles) is done in 3 hours 45 minutes, including five stoppages; on another, the Great Western, the 129¾ miles between Birmingham and London is run in 2 hours and 45 minutes, including two stoppages; and as neither of these routes is particularly level or straight and as both pass through numerous junctions with a perfect maze of switches and frogs, they give a fair idea of what is possible in speed on the railroads of this country. These figures give, respectively, speed of 49.8 and 47.2 miles per hour. Taking as a fair average 48 miles an hour, including stoppages, the journey from New York to Chicago should be done in 18 hours 59 minutes, or, say 19 hours, a saving of 7 hours 55 minutes on the present time; so that, if the train were arranged to leave at 4.55 in the afternoon instead of 9 o'clock in the forenoon, the whole of this time would be saved in the busy part of the day, effectually adding a day to our imaginary traveler's business and dollar making life.

It may be thought that such a deduction is unfair, as the English style of car is so much lighter than the American; but, as a matter of fact, the average English express car is considerably heavier than the Chicago limited, and conveys about three times the number of passenger; and, as trucks and oil-lubricated axle-boxes are not yet universial there, the tractive resistance per ton is probably higher. It certainly therefore seems not only possible but feasible to attain these high speed in this country, where owing to the long distance to be traveled, they are more valuable than in England; and the great step toward attaining that end is the adoption of proper and efficient signaling arrangements. All the other steps are achieved; the American passenger locomotive of the present day is perfectly competent to drag a heavy train at a speed of over sixty miles an hour; the cars, as now constructed can travel safely and smoothly at that speed; and the steel rail and the well-ballasted tie and perfect workmanship of the modern iron bridge can well support the thundering concussion of an express train at full speed. But this speed can only be maintained for a few miles at a time if the engineer who guides this train be doubtful whether the dimly seen signals imply safety or danger, if the law of the State bring him to a full stand where his road is crossed by a small corporation with a high-sounding title, which owns one locomotive with a split tube sheet and two cars down a ditch.

To run a fast train, a clear uninterupted road is absolutely necessary, and the reason is not far to seek. To move a body from a state of rest to a velocity of sixty miles per hour, or eighty-eight feet per second, an amount of work must be performed equivalent to lifting that body 121 feet. Now, it is apparent to the simplest capacity that it requires a pretty powerful engine to overcome the resistance of the air and the friction of bearings on journals and of flanges against rails going on all the time. As a matter of fact, showing what severe work this is on an engine, the Zulu express on the Great Western Railway of England, which is the fastest train in the world, has been repeatedly carefully timed, and it is found, though running over an almost absolutely level and straight road, it takes a distance of twenty-six to twenty-eight miles to attain its full speed, about fifty-eight miles and a half an hour.—*Science.*

Madame's Ill Conduct.

He came home with a serious face. She, who was all love and smiles, saw in an instant that something was the matter. He turned his face away when she attempted to plant the warm kiss of greeting on his lips. Her soul sank within her. "George," she said eagerly, "tell me what it is. Has your love grown cold? Treat me frankly. It is better to know the truth than to be kept in suspense." He kept his head averted a minute. His lip trembled. Then he said: "Oh, heavens! Florence, how can you wear that mask of deceit when I know all?" "All!" she repeated, as her face grew white. "All what?" "Spare me the sad recital," he continued. "There are some things that are better left unsaid." "I will not spare you. I insist upon knowing what it is you mean. Tell me, and at once. Some prejured villian has abused your mind." "Alas, no!" he said. "I was an eye-witness of it all. Do not add deceit to your other crimes. I was there and saw it." "Saw what?" she cried. "What have you seen? Are you mad?" "Calm yourself, madame. I saw you—you, the wife of my bosom—when you did not think my eye was on you. You were on Broadway, mingling with the giddy throng. He was hurrying on. You beckoned to him. You made telegraphic signs until you attracted his attention." "Merciful powers!" she gasped. "You see I know all," he continued. "You did this on the public street. At first he would have gone on and disregarded you, but you were importunate. You caught his eye, you beckoned. He smiled, and you went down the thoroughfare together." "'Tis false, as false as"—"Madame, it is too true; I tell you I saw it. Let us have no nonsense about it." Then she sank upon the sofa. Again he turned his manly head to hide his emotion. The diamond tears began to come through her fingers. Helplessness, indignation and shame were struggling together in her soul. Suddenly she looked up. "Perhaps, sir, you will tell me who *he* is." "Certainly," replied the brute. "He was the driver of a Madison avenue omnibus." Then he went suddenly out of the door as if fearful that one of the statues would fly after him. And she dried her tears and said somebody was a fool. She was right, only she got the person wrong.

Giant's Graveyard.

Two miles from Mandan, on the bluffs near the junction of the Hart and Missouri rivers, is an old cemetery of fully 100 acres in extent, filled with bones of a giant race. This vast city of the dead lies just east of the Fort Lincoln road. The ground has the appearance of having been filled with trenches piled full of dead bodies, both man and beast, and covered with several feet of earth. In many places mounds from eight to ten feet high, and some of them 100 feet or more in length, have been filled with bones and broken pottery, vases of various bright-colored flints and agates. The pottery is of a dark material, beautifully decorated, delicate in finish and as light as wood, showing the work of a people skilled in the arts and possessed of a high state of civilization. This has evidently been a grand battlefield, where thousands of men and horses have fallen. Nothing like a systematic or intelligent exploration has been made, as only little holes two or three feet in depth have been dug in some of the mounds, but many of the bones of man and beast and beautiful specimens of broken pottery and other curiosities have been found in these feeble efforts at excavation. We asked an aged Indian what his people knew of these ancient graveyards. He answered: "Me know nothing about them. They were here before the red man.',

Albert, Henry and Rudolph Fink draw railroad salaries greater than those of any family in the United States.

THE OLD READING CLASS.

I cannot tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three.
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travelers would pass;
The maple trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what has been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires and flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;"
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue is not so timid now; he is an auctioneer);
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee.
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice comes back to me, when ever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevive,
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine.*

Two Hearts So True.

"Little Blossom, you make it so hard for me to say good-bye to you."

"When?"

The innocent, surprised, inquiring face—renunciating was indeed difficult for John Burrows. He touched a dimple in her cheek, and then a curl of her hair, as he might have touched flowers on a grave, perhaps.

She shook back the silly wrinkles impatiently.

"When, John?"

He looked on her face a moment without a smile, pretty as she was.

"Nelly, sit down here for a moment."

They sat down on the pretty crimson couch before the fire. Seeing trouble in his face she put her hand in his and he smoothed out the little roseleaf member upon his broad palm, more than ever confident, as he looked at it, that he was right.

"Nelly, you know I love you."

"Yes," with a blush, for he had never said it before.

"And I am very sorry."

"Why?" after a pause of bewilderment.

"Because you are a delicate little flower, needing care and nursing to keep your bloom bright and I am going to a hard, rough life, among privation, fever and malaria, which will try even my powerful constitution, and where you must not go."

"You are going to the far West?"

"Yes. My mother must have a home in her old age. She is strong now, but time is telling on her. You know all that she has been to me?"

"Yes, she has been a good mother. But you shall take me too, John."

She won her way into his arms against his will.

"You will take me, too?"

"No. Did I not tell you that you made it so hard for me to say good-bye to you?"

"John, what could I do without you?"

He took the little caressing hand down from his face.

"Don't make me weak, Nelly. Do you think that it is nothing to me to leave my little violet—the only woman I ever loved—for a hard, cold life, and unceasing toil? I cannot marry for ten years yet, Nelly."

"And then I shall be thirty years old."

"Yes, married and with little children, seeing at last that your old lover, John Burrows, was right."

"He rose to his feet.

"John!" in terror.

"Yes, I am going, Nelly. Little one—you look so much like a woman now, with your steadfast eyes—hear me: I did not foresee that you love me—that I should love you. You were a little school girl when I saved you from drowning last summer, and your satchel of books floated away down the river and was lost. I came here to see Gregory, not you. I could not help loving you; but did not think until to-night that you cared so much for me, Nelly. But, child, you will forget me."

"Never!"

He went on:

"Nelly, I shall hunger for you day and night, more and more, as time goes on and I get older, lonelier, more weary. But I shall never hope to see you again. Now give me your hand."

She gave him both. He raised them to his lips, but before she could speak again he was gone.

Shivering violently, she went to the fire and stood there trying to warm herself. She understood it all now—his strangely elaborate arrangements for a trip to New York. He had known that he was not coming back when she had begged him to bring her his photograph from the great metropolis, but was going on—on—into the dim distance. This is why he had not promised.

It was getting late—she was so cold—she had better go to bed. She would not go into the parlor to bid her father and aunt and Gregory good night; so she crept silently up to her own room. There the very weight of grief upon her lulled her to sleep.

But when she awoke her grief sprang upon her like some hidden monster who had lain in wait for her all night. Her misery terrified her. Why should she not die? Why should she ever rise from that bed?

But when they called her she sprang up hastily, dressed and went down stairs, and they were too busy talking to notice that she did not know what she was doing. But, by and by, when her brother reached for some more coffee, and observed that "John Burrows and his mother went to New-York on the first train this morning," she tried to rise unconcernedly from the table, and fell in a dead faint on the carpet among them.

When Nelly came to she was undressed and in bed, and Aunt Mary was darning stockings at the foot.

"Oh, let me get up, Aunt Mary! I don't want to lie here!"

"Now, Nelly, be reasonable! You are sick."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, I'm not."

"Nelly, if you will lie still to-day I'll let you have the old box of curiosities in my room to look over. Will you?"

"I don't know."

Aunt Mary went for them. Nelly shut her eyes, and let the wave in all its bitterness surge over her once, when Miss Golding came back, bringing a box of old mahogany, black and glossy with time.

"There"—setting it on the bed.

With a wintry little smile of thanks she lifted the cover. The old mahogany box contained strange things. Pictures on wood and ivory, illuminated manuscripts, webs of strong lace, antique ornaments, ancient embroideries, great packages of old letters, sealed flasks of unfamiliar perfume, ancient brooches of red gold, finger-rings of clumsy-set gems tied together with faded ribbons, a knot of hair fastened together with a golden heart, the silver hilt of a sword, and lastly, a tiny octagon portrait of an old man, done in chalk upon a kind of vellum and enclosed in a frame of tarnished brass.

"Who is this that is so ugly, Aunt Mary?"

"That, they say, is my great grandfather, Nelly."

"What is it painted on—this queer stuff?"

"Well, it is a kind of leather, I believe. They used to write on it in olden times."

"He is uncommonly ugly, isn't he?" said Nelly, wearily.

As she spoke the little case fell apart in her hands. A yellow, folded paper was revealed. She opened it and saw that it was written upon.

"Why, bless my soul, what have you there?" exclaimed Miss Golding, rising up in a strange alarm.

She snatched it from Nelly's hand.

"It can't be the will!" she cried.

Nelly looked on in dumb surprise. Aunt Mary read a few words, and then rushed away in wild agitation to the library where her father was sitting. Nelly could hear them talking, the two; then her brother came, and the old housekeeper was called from the dining room; and so much confused talking she never heard before. By and by they all waited upon her in a body.

"Nelly," said her father, sitting down upon the foot of the bed, "you are an heiress."

"This is old Grandfather Golding's will!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, flourishing the bit of paper.

"It seems to me he was very eccentric," Gregory condescended to explain. "He was very rich and had some hard sons and some grandsons who promised to be harder, and he fell out with the whole set, who were waiting for him to die. He declared that no money of his should encourage the young people's excesses; a little poverty would help the family, and the fourth generation would appreciate his money and probably make good use of it.

"When he died no will could be found, and though there was a famous struggle for the property, it went into the hands of trustees, through the oath of the lawyer who drew up the will, and there it has been, descending from one person to another and accumulating in value, until you and I, Nelly, are as rich as Cœsus."

"How, Gregory?"

"Ain't we the fourth generation? Father was the only child, we his only children; all the back folks are dead and it slides down to us on greased wires. Hurrah for Grandfather Golding!"

"Is this true, father?"

"Yes, my dear. The property is chiefly in Leeds, England. The housekeeper who came over last summer, you know, happens to know all about it. It is in safe hands and our claim is indisputable."

What did Nelly do? The little goose! Instead of flying off in thoughts of carriages, and dresses of cloth, of gold and a trip to Europe, she buried her face in the pillows and murmured under her breath: "Oh, John! Oh, dear, dear John!"

And it was no castle in the air. Three months proved that Nelly Golding was the mistress of gold untold almost. And then a little note went to Kansas, saying:

DEAR JOHN: I am waiting for you with a fortune. Will you come for me now?
NELLY.

And he came instantly; and though some might have sneered at his readiness, the heart of the wife was always at peace.

She knew that John Burrows loved her truly. Grandfather Golding's money built up a commodious Western town—paved streets, raised rows of shops, erected dwelling houses, founded banks, libraries and churches; and Nelly finally lived "out West." But she had opportunities of seeing pioneer life, and she said: "John was right; I should have died in a year had I lived in poverty."

Why Mechanics Don't Get On.

We were much interested the other day in drawing from one of the old practical mechanics of Cleveland the secret of his success. Said he: "I have always made it a rule to do my work so well that it left a good impression on my employer." There is more in this than at first appears. Hard work is one thing, conscientious work is another. A hard worker may outwardly conform to all the requirements of the shop; he may also be in his place at the starting of the machinery; he may take short noonings, and be may be among the last to drop his tools at night, but after all he may utterly fail to get on in the world, and why? Let our experienced informant answer: I know of a young man of just that kind. He works hard enough and wants to succeed, but some how he can't. He came to me for council, and I found out that he was slighting his work. That is, in his anxiety to turn off a large amount, he neglected the finish which always tells on good work. The consequence will be that, unless he makes a change, when times are dull he will be one of the first to be dropped by his employer." Superintendents and foremen notice these defects more closely than many are aware. The man who slides over his task, who lacks in thoroughness, who lets an unfinished piece of work leave his hands, is marked. In the unwritten law of the shop he is barred from promotion, while the conscientious workman is morally certain of advancement. Is the tendency of the day in the direction of a better finish to work? We think it is. As machinery is brought into competition the strife will be to secure superiority in cheapness, simplicity and finish. Here it is that the thorough workman brings into play all the resources of his skill and honesty—his "mechanical moral sense," it has aptly been called. Here it is, too, that the slovenly, or careless, or hasty workman utterly fails. There are some forms of bad work that can be deftly covered up, but the compensations of life bring the inevitable result—failure to him who does not put his heart in the work; success to him who not only does his task, but does it well.

Women in India.

The Degradation Put Upon the Wife and Widow.

On the day of her wedding she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight and carried to her husband's house. Hitherto she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now she is to be the little slave of her mother-in-law, on whom she is to wait, whose command she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband; what dishes he likes best and how to cook them. If this mother-in-law is kind she will let the girl go home occasionally to visit her mother.

Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom or never any love between them, and no matter how cruelly she may be treated she can never complain to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he would never take his wife's part. Her husband sends to her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself and the children. When it is prepared she places it on a brass platter and sends it to her husband's room. He eats what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back with what is left for her and her children. They sit together on the ground and eat the remainder, having neither knives, forks nor spoons. While she is young she is never allowed to go anywhere.

The little girls are married as young as three years of age, and should the boy to whom she is married die the next day she is called a widow, and is from henceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood—she can never marry again. As a widow she must never wear any jewelry, never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed—nothing but a piece of matting spread on the hard brick floor, and sometimes, in fact, not even that between her and the cold brick; and no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day. She must eat but one meal of food a day, and that of the coarsest kind; and once in two weeks she must fast twenty-four hours. Then not a bit of food, not a drop of water or medicine must pass her lips—not even if she was dying. She must never sit down nor speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, unless she commands her to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from other women's. She is a disgraced, degraded woman. She may never even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high-caste Brahminic woman, but on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servant, may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman in the house must ever speak one word of love or pity to her, for it is supposed that if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow she will immediately become one herself.

It is estimated that there are 80,000 widows in India under sixteen years of age. The prevalence of suicide among young females is so great that it has been brought to the attention of the courts. This can be traced to the oppressive control excercised by the mother-in-law in household matters over the daughter-in-law, independently of and unchecked by the interference of the husband. The son is expected to take the part of the mother against the wife.

Modes and Materials.

All rich, costly, fancy fabrics are imitated in more ordinary tissues, such as woolen brocade and glazed woolen, in linen and cotton goods. Skirts for suits of these figured materials are very narrow, and when of costly tissues they are invariably of alpaca, or of ordinary faille covered with fancy drapings. Sometimes the undershirts have two deep lace flounces, which fall over a silk plaiting, while the overdress is plaited. The "coquille" apron is every suitable for light fabrics. It is sewed to the belt in close plaits, which are folded down underneath. The plaits become wider toward the back, so as to form a kind of shell trimming, which is taken in with the draping. This same arrangement of draping is below the tournure disposed in two shell-shaped puffings, the lowest one fastened against the lower part of the skirt under ribbon loops in the colors of the tunic. For skirts of light fabrics puffings and full drapings are most used. Skirts for young women are covered with tiny flounces alternating in embroidery and lace. Satinets are striped or stamped with designs of birds' heads, flowers, etc. Painted satinets are of a very fine quality of goods, and are generally trimmed with imitation brownish lace. Stamped piques will also be employed. Scant mantillas are to be worn over dresses of this kind They will be of Valenciennes, malines, guipure or old point lace, bordered with deep ruffles to match. Old point and Valenciennes laces are preferred to any other kind for this purpose. Very full neck ruchings are the styles, as well as large "pierrot" collars. Many fichus are in one piece. The most suitable style for a rather stout figure is the Marie Stuart shape. It forms a very narrow vest, which terminates in a point on the waist. A becoming style for a slight person is in the shape of an ace of clubs turned upward, which makes the bust appear larger.

Cloaks of fancy woolen goods are to be much worn. A very good quality of tartan is employed for this purpose. The cloaks serve for carriage wear, dusters and waterproofs. The favorite color for these is "pain beni." The shape is a shirred Prussian blouse, with the sleeves broad at the hand and raised on the shoulders, where they are often gathered. These garments are lined with heavy faille in the same color, which is sewed plainly against the goods, so as to form a kind of body for the shirrs to sit against. These blouses may also be lined with silk or satin in the new shades, in striped or plaid designs. Many of these are of "corah des Indes," lined with satin merveilleux in bright hues. Some of these garments will be of ecru tulle lace, lined with corah. They will also be the rage for children, and are beautiful when of red foulard or of "Adrianople," made so as to completely cover the toilet. Children from 5 to 6 years of age wear these blouses with large Aureole hats and red socks.

What They Knew Four Thousand Years Ago.

From one of these books, compiled after the manner of our modern encyclopædias, and the compilation of which is shown to have been made more than 5000 years B. C., it has been ascertained, which has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy; for it is found from this compilation and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months into years; that they divided the week, as we now have it, into seven days, six being days of labor, and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which we derived our word "Sabbath," and which day, as a day of rest from all labor of every kind, they observed as rigorously as the Jew or the Puritan. The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were noted down, and a connection, as I have before stated, detected, as M. de Perville claims to have discovered, between the weather and the change of the moon. They invented the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies, the water clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun, a fact they only could have known by the aid of the telescopes, which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Tenus and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Ninevah. The "bricks" contain an account of the deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that the market-gardeners, to use the American phrase, "worked on shares;" that the farmer when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found, and, to connect this very remote civilization with the usages of to-day, I may, in conclusion, refer to one of the bricks of this library, in the form of a note, which is to the effect that visitors are requested to give the librarian the number of the book they wish to consult and that it will be brought to them; at the perusal of which one is disposed to fall back upon the exclamation of Solomon, "That there is nothing new under the sun."—Chief Justice Daly, in *Popular Science Monthly.*

How He Helped Them Over.

Two of our belles while walking out the other day came to a ditch near the railroad grade at Montclair which they did not know how to get over. Seeing a young man coming along the road they appealed to him for help, whereupon he pointed behind them with a startled air and yelled out "Snakes!" The way those girls crossed that ditch was a sight to behold, and the young man lives.

Since 1864 the warhorse of "Stonewall" Jackson has been on the Morrison farm near Charlotte, N. C. He has been, at the request of Mrs. Jackson, sent to the Virginia Military Institute, of which General Jackson was so long a professor. The horse is at least twenty-five years old, is a dark bay, but is in good condition, and shows few marks of age.

Agricultural.

The raising of sheep is of the greatest benefit to the land, because wherever they feed new and sweet grasses grow and flourish, and the weeds are destroyed. Farmers should raise turnips and feed them to sheep.

WHAT AN OLD FARMER SAYS.—This is the advice of an old man who has tilled the soil for forty years.

I am an old man upward of three score years, during two score of which I have been rich and have all I need; do not owe a dollar; have given my children a good education, and when I am called away shall leave them enough to keep the wolf from the door. My experience has taught me that—

1. One acre of land well prepared and well tilled produced more than two which received only the same amount of labor used on one.

2. One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog well fed is more profitable than two half on the same amount necessary to keep one well.

3. One acre of clover or grass is worth more than two of cotton where no grass or clover is raised.

4. No farmer who buys oats, corn or wheat, fodder and hay, can keep the sheriff from the door to the end.

5. The farmer who never reads the papers, sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a leaky roof, poor stock, broken down fences, and complains of bad "season."

6. The farmer who is above is business and entrusts it to another to manage soon has no business to attend to.

7. The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water is healthier, wealthier and wiser than he who does not refuse to drink.

GETTING RID OF STUMPS. Ex-Sheriff John T. Pressly gave a noval entertainment at his farm northwest of the city, yesterday afternoon, which was witnessed by at least a hundred of his friends from the city and was hugely enjoyed. Mr. Pressly has one of the finest farms in Marion county, most of it under cultivation. In several, however, which had been lately cleared, were a number of large stumps, and after working at them for several weeks the rotund ex-official secured the services of "Prof." Jenny, of Lafayette, whom he employed to blast the remaining ones out with "Hercules powder," as the "professor" styled it, which, however, is nothing less than dynamite. After blowing out a number of them singly with great success, Mr. Pressly conceived the idea of blowing up all the stumps in a forty acre clearing simultaneously, and this was the entertainment which the visitors witnessed yesterday afternoon.

The field selected contained at least forty acres, and not less than forty huge stumps dotted its surface. Holes were drilled in the roots of these, on a level with the ground, and cartridges were inserted and connectad with a battery by means of wires. All the preliminary arrangements were perfected about noon yesterday, and the blast touched off about half past two o'clock. The work of the explosion was entirely satisfactory, and every stump was blown to atoms. Pieces flew upward two or three hundred feet and were picked up several hundred feet away from where they originally stood. The experiment was entirely satisfactory, and will probably be repeated by other farmers in that vicinity. *Indianapolis Journal.*

Paying For His Whistle.

Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason was in the habit of whistling to the laberer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of mortar, and as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occured very often during a day's job. A joiner, who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticed Pat answer dutifully to every call from the mason, and thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus he brought him a hodful of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with the load. This having occurred the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle came from. He had not watched long with hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and sputtered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass, and, in the midst of his confusion, heard Pat above shouting at the top of his voice, "Whistle when you want some more mortar."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sep. 20, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

When you cant find what you want anywherelse—try the "CENTRAL SUPPLY DEPOT"—or "THE FAIR" at Spring Mills, Pa.

D. GARMAN & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Dealers in White Goods,
Notions,
Gents Furnishing Goods.

Black Cashmeres a specialty.

28jun tf It will pay you to call.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Hats and neck wear at Garman's.

——Judge Larimer is still confined to his room.

Merino hosiery and underwear at Garman's.

——The editor is absent with the railroad committee in Philadelphia.

Strictly one price and that the lowest at Garman's.

——The Potter township schools, 19 in number, will open Monday, Oct. 22.

——Mrs. Sarah Neff, of this place, has been taken seriously ill of dysentery.

——The sharp frost did much damage to the late corn in this section, last week.

Macrama cord in ten colors at Garman's.

——Mrs. Lohr, of this place, is on the sick list; cause, an attack of typhoid fever.

——Miss Damie Shrom, of Bellefonte, spent a few days, last week, in our neighborhood.

——Mr. Jonathan Kreamer, of Millheim, is still indisposed and confined to the house.

Merino hosiery and underwear at Garman's.

——One of our oldest and most esteemed citizens, Mr. Joshua Potter, is seriously ill.

——Engineers are now locating the route for the railroad from Bellefonte to Lemont on the Logan's Branch route.

Linen lace and embroidered collars at Garman's.

——Mr. Jacob Shearer, living a short distance below town, shot nine grey squirrels in a few hours the other day.

Mrs. Edwin Tams, Chambersburg, Pa., says she took Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and found great relief.

——If you want the most elegant sweet potatoes in market, go to Sechlers, they keep only the prime article. Only try a peck.

——Urie Spangler, of Newton, Kansas, writes to his brother, Lieut. Spangler, that he threshed from fifty acres of his farm 1470 bushels of wheat, and his oats yielded over 60 bushels to the acre.

——Stover's marble works, at Bellefonte, now take the lead of all others for handsome tombstones and monuments, as well as for low prices. Give Stover a call if you would save money and if you desire fine work.

——Mr. Harry S. Meyer, of Williamsport, made his appearance, on Tuesday evening, in Bellefonte on a 52-inch Columbia bicycle. Harry is a Centre Hall boy and in a few days will have the two wheeled machine on our streets.

Strictly one price and that the lowest at Garman's.

Miss Sarah J. Bradley did all the "helloing" at the telephone exchange the last four or five days, Miss Keyser being absent to York State on a wedding trip. Miss Bradley managed the switch board to the utmost satisfaction of the "hellоers" at the other end of the wires.

Hats and neck wear at Garman's.

——Dinges & Rearick are now in Philadelphia, purchasing a stock of general merchandise for their new store in this place. They intend to have a grand opening and a display of all kinds of goods, and mean business.

——On last Wednesday night, 12, the log barn on the pike, about one mile this side of Foust's in the Seven Mts., was destroyed by fire between 8 and 9 o'clock. The property belongs to Wm. J. Thompson, of Potters Mills, and until recently was occupied by Mrs. Kate Durst. It is thought to have been set on fire. We think there was no insurance. Loss about $400.

——The last spike was driven in the Northern Pacific railway last week. Thousands were on the spot to see it. This week the last nail was driven in high priced clothing, and there will be no chance for stores that do not come down to the figures of the Philad. Branch. High priced clothing is doomed, and hundreds go to the Philad. Branch for bargains in fall overcoats and suits for men and boys. Go and do likewise.

Smith's German Olio will not bring the dead to life, or cure everything from a bald head to delirium tremens, but nevertheless it "gets away" with rheumatism.

FRESH MEAT.—James A. Deckert's Spring Mills meat market supplies fresh, stall-fed beef, constantly, also pork, veal and mutton in season. Potters Mills, Centre Hill and Penn Hall will be supplied from the wagon, two days each week. 10may6m

FARMERS ATTENTION.—The undersigned is always paying the highest price for all kinds of grain and seed—let the quality or quantity be as it will. Do not fail to call upon him before you sell.

6sept4t I. J. GRENOBLE.

Linen lace and embroidered collars at Garman's.

——Lewins & Co. are about opening their large new stock of ready-made fall clothing, exceeding anything yet opened at the Philad. Branch. The fall overcoats are of latest styles and in large variety, very handsome and exceedingly low in price, so as to put it within reach of every man or boy to have a nice and comfortable garment of that kind. Their fall suits can not be surpassed in the city for variety of style, and can not be purchased for the same figures in any Philadelphia retail store. Call and see the exhibit of new fall clothing at the Philadelphia Branch.

PERSONAL.—Rev. D. J. Mitterling, of Ohio, now home on a visit to his parents, honored our sanctum with a visit, a few days ago. He is doing a successful work in the ministry in his charge.

James Koch, of Missouri, a native of this place, is in on a visit to his aged mother who is very ill. Mr. Koch left this section some 15 years ago and is doing finely in Missouri; we were pleased to have a call from him.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

An agreeable surprise: All the visitors to our town staying any length of time reap a benefit. Maj. General Gregg, of Reading, Pa., states that while the time he was here has been the only three weeks within twenty-five years that he did not have to take medicine, and many others have made remarks of like manner. By the time we get a driving road made to the summit of Egg Hill this place can not be excelled in Pa. in the way of health and natural scenery. Our town is fast improving—over half a dozen buildings have been erected and four or five more will be built this fall. The Grangers' store-room is to be finished by Nov. 1; Grove & Wolf contractors. Kennelly & Co. will build a house two story high, to be used as a furniture store, sadler shop and picture gallery. The public will soon have the use of the second iron bridge—the one put up now is 18 feet wide; not another one of its size in the county outside of Bellefonte. Henry Krumrine accompanied by one of his granddaughters and grandsons and Geo. Miller started for Stephenson Co., Ill, where they will spend a few weeks. Dan'l Dreibelbis and Michael Grenoble have gone to Wisconsin. Elias Wasser and family and Mrs. C. E. Royer have returned to Kansas. By their looks it must be a healthy country out there. Mr. James Grove and neice have returned from their visit to Kansas and Iowa. They enjoyed the trip and improved in health. Mr. G. thinks Iowa is the place for young men. Improved land can be bought at from $5 to $30 per acre. C. F. Hannigh and A. J. Haines have returned from their trip to West Virginia; they have no flattering reports to make. These gentlemen have been in several western states, but taking all in all old Centre is the best place yet. The Georges Valley Sunday School held a pic-nic on last Saturday. The public in general turned out; the Millheim band furnished the music. Wm. E. Rearick is one of the most obliging grain dealers in this place; give him a trial. Pealer & Long are up to the times, receiving goods daily. ***

Diseases of an exhaustive nature that have a tendency to create an unnatural feeling such as fatigue, lassitude and great weakness throughout the system owe their origin to a lack of iron in the blood. Brown's Iron Bitters will restore the blood to its natural healthful condition. Get the blood pure by using this remedy and the disease will be quickly banished.

The cheapest place in Centre county for dry goods is at D. Garman & Son's, Bellefonte.

——Every body that goes to Bellefonte is wanted at the Philad. Branch. Lewins & Co. have such extraordinary bargains to offer, and you are invited to call and see whether wanting to buy or not. Then they wish all to be convinced that they keep the greatest and best assortment. Don't forget to call at the Philad. Branch when at Bellefonte.

——The real estate of Jonas E. Royer, dec'd, two miles east of Old Fort, will be sold, Oct. 12. See ad.

The cheapest place in Centre county for dry goods is at D. Garman & Son's Bellefonte.

MUTE.

Most wondrous cure beneath the sun
Was that in Quarryville,
Where A. B. Miller, farmer's son,
Was deaf and very ill.
For long, long years no sound could reach
This worthy, suffering man,
But when Peruna sought the breach,
His cure at once began.

VITAL QUESTIONS.

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?
And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians; "What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—
"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu."
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, billiousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
Mandrake! or Dandelion!
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and misterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill-health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is
Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.
Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pang of Rheumatism,
Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!
Erysipelas!
Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world. sept nr

Rev. Wm. Landis, will leave Rebersburg on the 25th instant, for Adamsburg, Snyder county, Pa., where he will enter upon the duties as pastor of the Beaver Springs charge. He took charge of his present field, June, 1872—pastorate 11 years and 3 months. Built three churches: Grace Chapel, at east end of the valley; St. Peter's, at Rebersburg and Christ, at Madisonburg. These churches are fine and substantial buildings and well furnished. They are all paid for—no burden of debts for his success. He also had the parsonage repaired and put in good condition.

STATISTICS COMPARED.

Sept., 1872, number of Communicant members in the charge	187
Sept., 1883, number of communicant members in the charge	293
Benevolent contributions, 1st year	$ 106 55
do do 2nd do	295 59
During his pastorate infants baptized	216
Adults baptized	5
Confirmed	200
Buried (members)	61
Dismissed and erased from roll	104
Organized Reformed S. S.	3
Whole amount paid by the charge for different objects:	
Benevolence	$1 608 47
Pastor's salary	5 968 25
Building churches	10 449 64
Parsonage repairs	300 00
Congregational expenses	917 00
Total	$19 234 46
Received in the way of donation	$659 00

This is a record of which Mr. Landis may well feel proud. The Rebersburg Reformed charge really looses a true and faithful shepherd. May God's blessings go with him into his new field.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2 00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor

26aprtf

LOST $8.00.

The man who was fond of watermelon ate too much, was attacked with cholera morbus, lost four day's work worth $8.00, suffered excruciating pain. Three doses of Carmelite Cordial taken in time would have saved the money and avoided the pain for the trifling outlay of 35 cents.

Curtis' Carmelite Cordial, the great remedy for cholera, dysentery, cholera morbus, diarhœa, cramps, and all intestinal irritations incident to the heated term or changes of climate, diet or water, is sold everywhere and absolutely guaranteed or money refunded in every instance. No family can afford to be without a bottle, and it should occupy the handy corner of every traveler's satchel. Trade supplied by JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY, & Co., or the Manufacturer, J. A. McDONALD, Central Penn'a Pharmacy, Reedsville, Pa.

Sold and warranted by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall, Pa.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sep. 17, 1883.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia.
Corn	September	40¼	—59a61
Wheat	"	92¼	—1.07½a1.08½
Oats	"	27	—34a34½
Pork	October	10.55	
Lard	"	7.80	
Petroleum			—1.15.

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'r Broker, 31 South Third Street.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 18 to 22 cts. per lb; eggs, 20 to 22 cts. per doz; potatoes, old 40 cts. per bushel; new, 12 cts. per peck; chickens, 50 to 60 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 75 cts. per gal; corn, 70 cts. per bu; oats, 55 cts. per bu; beans, 15 to 20 cts. per peck; peaches, 30 cts. per pk; cabbage, 5 to 8 per head apples, 20 to 25c per peck; plums, 10c per quart; celery, 5 cents per stalk.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Grain—Wheat, 1 05; Rye, 65; Oats, 35, by L. L. Brown.

Produce—Butter 20, eggs 15, ham 14, shoulders 12½, sides 13, lard 12½, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.05
White & Mixed	1 05
Rye	60
Corn, shelled, and ears new	60
Oats	35
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	6 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 15 c; lard, 6; tallow, 14; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or sides, 12; eggs per dozen, 18 cents.

Corrected weekly by L. J. Gemmill.

COAL.—Pea, 3.25; Chestnut, 4.65; Stove, 4.85; Egg, 4.75.

MARRIED.

On 19 Aug, Mr. Sam'l Wate, at Rebersburg, and Miss Alice Loneberger, of Pleasant Gap.

On the 19th ult., by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. Geo. Brackbill to Miss Annie M. Houtz, both of Brushvalley.

DIED.

On 3, in Gregg, John Wagner, aged 67 years.

On 4, in Aaronsburg, Susan, daughter of David Bollinger, dec'd, aged 11 years, 3 months, 11 days.

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.

after April 1st will open in the Durst building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 8mar1

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—There will be exposed at public sale at the late residence of Jonas E. Royer, dec'd, about two miles east of Old Fort on Friday, October 12th, 1883, the following described real estate of said Jonas E. Royer, dec'd, viz: A VALUABLE FARM in Potter township, Centre Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. Hennich, James A. Sweetwood and others, containing about 80 ACRES of good lime stone soil in a high state of cultivation—all of it clear of timber. Thereon erected a good modern dwelling HOUSE, BANK BARN and other necessary buildings. There is on this tract a fine young orchard of choice fruit in good bearing condition, a good well and cisterns. This is a very desirable home on account of locality and soil, etc.

Also the undivided ½ interest in a tract of timber land, situated on Egg Hill mountain, adjoining lands of Jos. Gilliland, Adam Rankin, John Toner and others, containing about 65 ACRES. This tract is covered with fine fence and fuel timber.

Terms.—One-half of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale and the balance in one year thereafter with interest; the deferred payment to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JOHN GROVE,
M. J. ROYER,
Adm'rs.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Monday, Septembrr 10.

Socialism is making its presence felt in Vienna.

Charges against showman Bunnell dismissed at New Haven.

The late Count de Chambord left 400,000f. to the Peter's Pence Fund.

Charles B. Platt, formerly publisher Norwich (Conn.) Tribune, is dead.

Scranton, Penn., man. Blew out the gas. Usual result. Not dead, but dying.

T. V. Powderly, of Scranton, Pa., has been re-elected President of the Knights of Labor.

Queen Victoria asks King Alfonso not to come to England. Says she is too ill to see him.

George Taylor quarrelled with his brother-in-law in Wilmington, Del. Taylor fatally shot.

Major Nickerson, notorious for his divorce, is to be dropped from the army rolls as a deserter.

The Grand Army encampment at Princeton Junction was a fiasco, and ended in a fatal accident.

There were three new cases of yellow fever at the navy yard near Pensacola, but none appeared in the city.

Capt. Van Buskirk, second officer in command of the gunboat Adolph Hugo, at the attack on New Orleans, died in Hoboken.

Tuesday, September 11.

A French aeronaut has crossed the Channel in balloon.

It is proposed to tender a banquet at Geneva to Victor Hugo.

The Right Hon. Hugh Law, lord chancellor of Ireland, is dead.

A national retail druggists' association was organized in Washington and officers elected.

The courts of Massachusetts refuse to grant letters of insolvency to the Augustinian society of Lawrence.

A lady, by some unknown means, was released from a Massachusetts insane asylum and attempted suicide.

An earthquake shock was felt at St. Thomas, in West Indies, on August 28, and a very severe one occurred at Lima, Peru.

Cotton crop reports show a considerable falling off in the aggregate of estimated product since the previous month's reports.

Two hundred and fifty Apaches are in Casos Grandes, Mexico, trading under the white flag. An encounter with Mexican troops is expected.

The Dutch authorities have stationed vessels at the entrance to the Strait of Sunda to warn others of any change that may occur in the channel.

Wednesday, September 12.

The Annapolis hazing case continued.

Western Union declared its usual quarterly dividend of 1¾ per cent.

The cattle disease is spreading throughout every part of England.

Rev. Mr. Heiser has to pay the girl whom he betrayed in Reading, Pa., $1,000.

A reduction of wages among the Lancashire cotton spinners is anticipated.

Strychnine bought by a Canadian woman "to kill foxes" was found in her husband's stomach.

The further hearing in the conspiracy charge against McDermott at Liverpool has been adjourned.

New York Police Commissioners appoint 2,752 election inspectors. Half Republican and half Democratic.

J. C. Beebe, business man, of Vincennes, Ind., disappeared leaving $25,000 worth of debts behind him, it is alleged.

The English and American trades trades unions have exchanged views through the congress now in session in Birmingham.

Miss Hamor, 17, daughter of the proprietor of the Grand Central hotel at Bar harbor, has disappeared with a married man.

Out of nine civil service applicants for positions in the Brooklyn postoffice only three qualified. Most were deficient in rudimentary education.

Ex-Speaker Randall called on Judge Hoadly, who is sick in Philadelphia, and advised the return of the latter to Ohio as soon as practicable.

The report of the special committee to investigate the supervising architect's office severely condemns both the existing system and its administration.

Thursday, September 13.

The Mexican National railroad has been completed to Morelia.

Wendell Phillips denies that he has repudiated Gov. Butler.

Oklahama Payne again arrested for invading the Indian territory.

Coquelin, the great French actor, will visit America next season.

Cadets Trafell, Campbell, Bertholf and miller dismissd the navy for hazing.

The czar will meet the Emperor William before returning to St. Petersburg.

An eight-year old girl crosses the ocean alone, and lands at Castle garden all right.

Charles Delmonico, the famous New York caterer, reported to be insane from overwork.

The steamship L'Amerique, said to have been lost a few days ago, arrived safely in New York.

The New York Chamber of Commerce discussed the American hog and its importation in Germany.

Gov. Butler nominated Edwin G. Walker, a colored lawyer, to be justice of the Charlestown district court.

Dr. John H. Duppe, a well-known oculist, hanged himself to a door knob in his residence in Cincinnati on Tuesday night.

The Earl and Countess Roseberry arrive in New York. Lady Roseberry was a daughter of Baron Rothchild, and inherited his vast wealth.

Harry Kurtz, manager of the Allentown, Pa., gas works, was to have been married next week, but has become violently insane. Over 500 invitations were issued to the wedding.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the liberation of Vienna from the siege of the Turks by Jan Sobieski, King of Poland, celebrated by the New York Poles, with appropriate ceremonies.

Friday September 14.

The Corean embassy seeing sights in Chicago.

Hahu, the Philadelphia forger, is in jail in Chicago.

Ex-Speaker Randall is still serving as a juror in Philadelphia.

Governor Hale of New Hampshire has vetoed the Colby railroad bill.

John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the

Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins. We launch the busy season with

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but, to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Jerseys at $2.25. These are all black. The colors are $2.50.

A Black Dress Silk at 75 cents, that until recently was always $1.00.

A fine Black Rhadama, 22 inches wide, at $1.50.

Half-wool Black Dress Goods at 12½ cents, which is just half-price.

All-wool stylish Plaid Suiting, 42 inches, at 50 cents. We sold the same at $1.00.

Another in stripes at 65 cents. Not dear at $1.00.

A quality of Lupin's Cashmere for 50 cents (all wool). The new tariff will prevent this quality from ever again selling at this price.

A Black Albatross at 25 cents, exactly half-price.

A fine Black Camel's Hair, 46 inches wide, at 60 cents.

A good 36-inch all-wool Cashmere at 40 cents.

An excellent Black Cashmere, all-wool, a yard wide, at 45c.

A very few much admired Embroidered Robes at one-third off of usual price.

A Bleached Muslin, full yard wide, for 10c. The best we ever had at that price.

The best Twilled, All-Wool Red Flannel we ever sold for 25c.

The best Canton Flannel for 12½c. We never could get so good a quality at the price before.

An extraordinary lot of Towels at 25c.

Eight lots of Ladies' and Children's Hose that are on our counters at 25 per cent. under prices.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $4.35.
172 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $3.25.
245 pairs Women's Curacoa Kid Button, $4.25.
186 pairs Women's French Kid Button, $5.00.
152 pairs Women's Kid Slippers, $1.25.
112 pairs Women's Kid Ties, $2.00.
110 pairs Women's French Kid Oxford Ties, $3.25.
141 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $3.25.
131 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $4.50.
150 pairs Women's French Kid Button Boots, $5.25.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented. Watch the city daily papers for the announcements, and if these lots are sold when you come do not be disappointed, as we have new lots in every day or two.

In Furniture. Young couples should see

The new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for $25.
The same goods in Cherry for $28.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at $1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The first Fall Offering of Ladies Robes

are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm leaf order. The effect is much the same, if not full equivalent, as though an expensive Cashmere Shawl were dissected and made into a robe, as is often done. The expense being infinitely less—— $25.

Also a few Wrapper Patterns, Persian, and with a decided Oriental effect. The olive, old gold and rich, dark hues are subdued in a broad border of consistent but curious formation, 10 to 11 yards each. $2.00 per yard.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth Street. Chestnut Street.
Market Street and New City Hall.